

To Enter Into "A New Phase."

ALEXEIEFF RECALLED.

Kuropatkin To Be Supreme in Manchuria.

As the result of a Council of War the Tsar is said to have recalled Admiral Alexeieff, and given General Kuropatkin complete control of the Manchurian forces.

Mystery surrounds the situation at Mukden. A telegram from that place has been so mutilated by the censor that it simply reads: "There is no fighting, but the campaign is about to enter upon a completely new phase."

What this "new phase" is remains to be seen, but the probability is that General Kuropatkin has resolved not to fight near Mukden, and is now engaged in retreating towards Harbin.

Whether he will succeed in escaping is a question which a few days will decide.

From east and west the Japanese are threatening the Russian forces, and it is not improbable that new Japanese force may appear near the railway north of Mukden, in which event the Russians will once more find themselves in a perilous position.

At Port Arthur the deadly strife continues, but no details of the awful scenes of carnage are allowed to circulate in the outer world. The Japanese are said to have been everywhere repulsed after six days' attack from September 20, but the assault has been resumed with frenzied energy.

ALEXEIEFF RECALLED.

He Will Not Return to the Scene of His Blunders.

According to French correspondents, an important council of war has been held at Peterhof, at which the command of the forces in the Far East was discussed, and it was decided that Admiral Alexeieff should be recalled.

The Admiral has not shone in Manchuria, and his blundering disposition has been the cause of several disasters. This, no doubt, had a considerable influence on the council.

Admiral Alexeieff, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin," will leave in four or five days for St. Petersburg.

The Admiral will not return to Manchuria.

General Kuropatkin will still have the effective and moral management of operations, even after the arrival of General Gripenberg.

MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FROM MUKDEN.

MUKDEN, Friday.—There is no fighting, but the campaign is about to enter upon a completely new phase.—Reuter.

[Note.—The above telegram from the Russian headquarters at Mukden has, says Reuter, it may be assumed, been subjected to a strict censorship, which has eliminated all explanatory detail.]

RUSSIANS REFUSED BATTLE.

KOME, Friday.—A dispatch from Marshal Oyama's headquarters states that the movements of the Russian forces give the impression that General Kuropatkin must have received instructions to retreat, as, notwithstanding a Japanese advance at several points, the Russians did not accept battle.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

PORT ARTHUR SIEGE.

Japanese in a Six Days' Fight Everywhere Repulsed.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The General Staff has received news that in the general assault made on Port Arthur from the 20th to the 26th inst. the Japanese were everywhere repulsed.—Reuter.

CHEFU, Friday.—Chinese who left Port Arthur on the 25th inst. say that the last assault was the bloodiest story ever again, the Japanese intrepidly entering the Russian positions, but being unable to remain in them in face of the fire from the big forts.—Reuter's Special Service.

BLOCKADE RUNNER BURNED.

CHEFU, Friday (1 p.m.).—At midnight a Japanese destroyer landed near Chifu eighteen miles, taken from a junk attempting to run the blockade, and carrying mails from Port Arthur. The junk was burned.—Reuter's Special Service.

Two Russian ships arrived at Odessa yesterday to review the fleet, and to proceed to the war.

SINETY-ONE BAGS.

PARIS, Friday.—A robbery was committed last night in the Paris-Havre express, which left St. Lazare Station at 11.35 p.m., arriving at Havre at 5 a.m.

The train carries every Thursday and Friday a postal van containing the American mails. This coach is simply padlocked on both sides. No officials travel inside, and no watch is kept on it during the journey.

The postal officials at Rouen, on opening the van, discovered that the padlocks on the inside had been broken. The interior of the van presented a scene of the greatest disorder.

All the bags, to the number of ninety-one, had been ripped open and their contents rifled. Up to the present the only fact which the inquiry has established is that the robbery took place between Paris and Rouen, and that an attempt of a similar kind was committed on the same line and on the same train a few days ago.

It is supposed that the thieves made their way along the footboards from another carriage to the van.

The value of the securities stolen is not yet known, but it is feared that it is considerable, as the train conveyed, not only French mails, but mails from Italy and Egypt.—Reuter.

SHOT AT A FATHER.

Terrible Domestic Tragedy Arises Out of a Dinner-table Dispute.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—A fearful tragedy has taken place at St. Ouen, in the family of a man named Gardel.

Gardel drank, and there were perpetual quarrels between him and his wife and daughter on this subject. Yesterday at dinner a fierce quarrel broke out at a moment's notice.

In a second every portable thing in the room was being thrown by one of the three. Everything was broken to pieces, and at last, as there was nothing left to throw, the father went out in the garden and commenced to bombard the house with flower-pots, logs, stones, pails. These missiles went smashing through the windows and imperilled the women's very lives.

Suddenly the daughter, her face livid with rage, appeared at the window. She had a large revolver in her hand and opened fire upon her father. He instantly fell, shot in the head and shoulder. Then the girl came out of the house and continued pouring shots into her father's body, and he was so fearfully wounded that he implored her to put him out of his misery. For reply she still fired at him.

The police came upon the scene and removed the dying man to a hospital and arrested the daughter. The house looked as if it had been wrecked with shells.

Among the rubbish were found no fewer than ten cartridges which the girl had fired.

ATTITUDES OF DEAD SOLDIERS.

Some Kneel as if in Prayer, Others Sit with Bowed Heads.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—A graphic description of the positions in which dead soldiers are found on the field of battle is given in a letter from a Lieutenant-Colonel Raschkin describing the fighting at Motienling:—

"Battlefields," he writes, "are very different from the novels' description. It is curious how few dead men lie prone. Many fall in fantastic and inexplicable attitudes.

"I saw one man who had been shot through the chest, crouching on his knees, almost as if engaged in prayer.

"Some men lie doubled up, clutching their knees, or even their feet, and in the trenches many sit calmly with bowed heads, as if busy eating.

"I have seen soldiers who fell backwards, with their hands behind them, as if they had tried to feel the spot where the bullet had issued.

"I have even seen men with their heads between their legs, and in one trench a corporal lay dead, tightly grasping the collar of his tunic with both hands."

THREE NIGHTS' RUN.

After three nights' run of "The Golden Light," Mrs. Brown-Potter brings her season at the Savoy to a close to-night.

The piece has failed to meet the approval of the public, and as no other piece is ready to take its place the theatre must perforce close.

No piece has had quite such a short run this year as "The Golden Light," although "Love's Carnival," at St. James's, only ran four nights. Other failures of the year have been "Who's Who," at the Savoy, which lasted seven performances, and "The Sword of the King," at Wyndham's, eight.

PASSED.

The improvement shown in Lady Curzon's condition on Thursday was maintained yesterday, and it has been the cause of much gratification at Walmer Castle.

The bulletin yesterday morning stated that Lady Curzon had passed a quiet night, and was, on the whole, somewhat better.

All the physicians remain at the castle, except Dr. Watson Cheyne, who proceeded to London yesterday morning, but it is understood that he will return to-day.

It is hoped, however, that the crisis of Lady Curzon's illness has passed.

The Red Star liner Vanderland, on which Lady Curzon's mother and sister are traveling to Dover, was expected to be in touch with the wireless telegraph station at Poldhu last evening, when they would be able to receive the latest news respecting her ladyship's condition.

The liner will probably reach Dover to-morrow night, and a special train will be in waiting to convey the ladies to Walmer.

£80,000 GIFT.

Great Donation for South African Education by Mr. Alfred Beit.

JOHANNESBURG, Friday.—Mr. Alfred Beit has presented the Frankwall estate to the Government for educational purposes. This property is twelve miles distant from Johannesburg.

It has an area of 3,000 acres, and is valued at £80,000.—Reuter.

This munificent gift by Mr. Beit in his private capacity is an earnest of the great personal interest he takes in the cause of education in the Empire. For some time past he has been in consultation with the South African Government, and Lord Milner, it is believed, has given his assistance towards the formation of a scheme of higher education.

It was from Mr. Alfred Beit's firm that the offer of the great sum of £200,000 towards Lord Rosebery's proposed Technological Institute in London, on the Charlottenburg system, emanated. Mr. Beit, through the richest self-made man in the world, has extremely simple tastes, and his collection of pictures at his house in Park-lane is almost his only luxury.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Why a British Firm Failed to Secure Trade.

MR. J. W. Jamieson, commercial attaché to the British Legation in Peking, in his report on the foreign trade of China for last year, gives a typical instance "of the lack of adaptability evinced by the British merchant anxious to gain a footing in a new market."

At the request of a British manufacturer a Chinese trader was put in communication with him, and the trader asked to be supplied with literature describing the manufactures, prices, freight, and insurance charges, etc., and a range of samples wherewith to test the Chinese market.

The reply received was to the effect that:—

1. The manufacturer's business had been established for 124 years.

2. The highest authority considered his specialties of the highest class.

3. His long experience had taught him that samples were of little or no value.

4. "To show good faith" he wanted a sample order in bulk "for those lines you know you can sell."

Mr. Jamieson adds:—"It need scarcely be said that no business resulted."

PLOT AGAINST KING ALFONSO.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MADRID, Tuesday.—The Anarchist plot laid bare in Barcelona by the explosion of two successive bombs, the detention of Florer, a youthful Anarchist, and the discovery in his possession of several bombs similar to those which exploded in Barcelona, have led the police to suppose that a widespread plot is being hatched against King Alfonso.

The chief of police assures me that several surprises are in store. It seems that Florer, the youthful Anarchist, has confessed, thus permitting the police to nip the plot in the bud.

GIRL'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

At the next meeting of the Drompton Consumption Hospital Committee the members will have under consideration a new cure for consumption, the discovery of Miss Thorne, a lady graduate of Sydney, New South Wales.

The treatment consists of the inhalation of hot air up to a temperature of 100 degrees.

King of Spain Chooses a Venetian Bride.

SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY.

With characteristic independence, Alfonso XIII., the young King of Spain, has chosen the beautiful Duchess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to be his wife.

Theirs is a royal love match, says the Berlin correspondent of the "Petit Parisien," in making the interesting announcement.

It was while travelling as a boy with his tutors in Italy and Austria that King Alfonso met his prospective bride.

The Duchess was born in Venice, and is naturally Latin in her sympathies. Alfonso is eighteen years of age, and the Duchess twenty.

At a very early age the young King showed that he had the spirit and determination to play his own royal game in affairs of state or love.

A BOY WITH A WILL.

Driving out with his nurse and two sisters one day he observed that the equerry, who should always precede a Spanish monarch's carriage, was not in his place.

He ordered the carriage to stop, but the coachman, having instructions from the Queen Regent, drove on.

The boy King was furious, and upon the equerry riding up from behind at that moment, he greeted him with an imperious:

"Sir, let this never happen again!"

His mother rebuked him in the evening for this outbreak, and so tactfully that he never afterwards manifested the spirit of pride.

Thereafter to cause him to desist from any displeasing action, his mother had only to say that it would make her weep.

At the age of eleven he was described as "thoughtful beyond his years."

KEEN ABOUT ARMY REFORM.

As a boy he learned to play football and billiards, and is a dashing horseman. He emulates the Kaiser in devotion to military science, and is a clever tactician, sometimes exhibiting surprising skill during the Spanish military manoeuvres.

Determined to make the Spanish Army perfect in organisation and equipment, he studies European armies with the closest attention.

He is a great favourite with the Spanish people, although at times his impetuous self-will has brought upon him the sharp criticism of extremists.

But those who know him best prophesy that in the hour of his trouble Spain will find in her King a man who will brook no rebelliousness, but will save her if she will be saved.

He takes after the Hapsburgs, his mother's family, in appearance, and has fair hair and blue eyes. His demeanour is grave but not melancholy.

The astrologers have prophesied for him a troubled reign and a death at sea; but all the world hopes their forecasts may prove wide of the mark.

A picture of the betrothed pair appears on page 1.

"PRINCESS" IN PRISON.

Daughter of an Eastern "King" Rolls Detectives in the Dust.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The beautiful young brunette who gave her name as "Madame de Moelly" to the police after her dramatic arrest in the Avenue d'Elian turns out to be Mdlle. Yvonne de Mayrema, the daughter of Marie L., "the King of the Sedangos."

One of the leading Paris jewellers charges her with obtaining trinkets worth £1,000 and disposing of them at ridiculous prices. Her arrest has set all Paris talking, for the "Princess" had a large circle of friends. Those who knew her haughty spirit are chuckling at the description of how, when the detectives approached the carriage, the lady, with the gesture of an outraged queen, sent them rolling in the dust.

Her late father has a European renown. In 1870 he and some twenty other adventurers forestalled a German expedition to the Sedang country, in Cochinchina. This country, at the time, was ravaged by an epidemic, and Mayrema and his volunteers worked like slaves to save the dying thousands. In gratitude they elected him Marie L., King of the Sedangs, and the territory was assured to France.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Gusty winds from between the north and west; changeable, short fair periods; occasional rain; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time: 6.58 p.m.; Sunday, 6.35 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to rough generally.

How a Bold Jap Photo-graphed Port Arthur.

TO WIN A BRIDE.

A wonderful romance of love and heroism attaches to the picture of Port Arthur which we reproduce to-day across pages 8 and 9—the first comprehensive view of the besieged Russian fort yet published.

The photograph was taken only eight weeks ago by a young lieutenant in the Japanese Army, who had, before leaving for the front, fallen deeply in love with the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in Tokio.

His affection was returned, but the officer was poor and had nothing much beyond his pay to look forward to.

The merchant was a true patriot, and told the young man to go forth to battle and distinguish himself in the eyes of the Emperor and his countrymen.

Full of love, hope, and ambition, the young officer sailed away for Port Arthur, and took part in the great siege. He was soon noticed for his intrepid behaviour under fire and his skill as a gunnery officer.

The Japanese admiral had numbers of pictures and plans of Port Arthur, but he had nothing to indicate the exact position of the new guns and the Russian fleet in the harbour.

Plucky Volunteer.

To get it was necessary to have a photograph taken from the fortress on the hill overlooking the town in the rear.

Hearing of this, the artillery officer at once volunteered to get the photograph; and, disguised as a Chinese hawk of fruits and sweetmeats, he penetrated into the town and sold his stock to the Russian soldiers. Beneath the heap of crystallised ginger and liches in the wicker basket the camera lay carefully concealed.

Frequently the young Jap's heart throbbed violently when Russian soldiers, stupefied with the fiery vodka, threatened to empty his basket out in the street.

After two weary weeks the opportune moment arrived, and the officer succeeded in getting past the sentries in the rear of the fortress. Rapidly he slipped out the hidden panoramic camera and got to work, while the shells from the Japanese warships were falling around him on every side. Twice he was hurled to the ground and nearly blinded with the earth churned up by the shells.

Ran for His Life.

But the gallant officer got his snapshots and then ran for his life down the steep slope. The sentries saw him and emptied their rifles after him. In his blind, headlong rush the Jap was pitched head first down the side of a precipice and rolled over 200 feet into a small clump of trees.

When he recovered his senses it was quite dark, and the sound of the heavy firing had ceased. To his joy he found the camera was intact, and after a long march the officer reached the Japanese admiral's ship with his dearly-bought picture.

After the photograph had been printed it was enlarged, and is now being used for strategic purposes in the attack upon Port Arthur.

Messrs. Knight, of Dyer's-buildings, have the sole rights of the picture here, and are reproducing it in an excellent manner in their postcard series of the war.

LACKING IN CHECK.

Policeman's Interview with a Palmist on Eastbourne Pier.

Madame Pardoe, a palmist, carrying on business in a kiosk on Eastbourne Pier, was fined forty shillings and costs, yesterday, for fortune-telling.

A constable visited her in plain clothes, and was told he would not do well as a solicitor; he had not enough check. He had, however, great ability for management, and would marry next year.

In defence, Madame Pardoe claimed to have studied the science of palmistry for fifteen years. She loved the work; it was a science. She honestly believed what she told consultants. She could see their secrets, although she might not tell them.

"MIRROR" PRIZE-WINNERS.

Two prize-winners yesterday called at the *Mirror* office and each carried away £5.

The lucky ones were Auguste Roger, 39, Affleck-street, Pentonville-road, and E. Yates, 2, Stratford Villas, Camden Town. Their photographs had been taken by the *Mirror* photographer on *Mirror* Day at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Roger recognised his portrait in yesterday's *Mirror*, and Mr. Yates, though somewhat belated, was among the pictures in Wednesday's

Stomance Shattered by a Lover's Loan.

After a courtship of six weeks Mr. Alfred George Cliffe, hardware merchant, of Peterborough, proposed marriage to Mrs. Margaret Silvester, a widow, now of London, and was accepted.

May 19 was fixed as the date of the wedding, cards were issued, the bridal cake ordered, and the breakfast was arranged to take place at the Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough.

Five days before, however, Mrs. Silvester was advised by her friends to secure the return of £20 which she had lent to her lover. He repaid the money, but on the following day refused to carry out his engagement to marry her.

Mrs. Silvester brought an action for breach of promise, and, having secured judgment, the matter came before a Peterborough jury yesterday in the Sheriff's Court for assessment of damages.

Mr. Cliffe's version was that shortly before the wedding day Mrs. Silvester told him her friends had advised her before going to church to have a marriage settlement. He demurred, and the trouble arose, but he afterwards expressed his readiness to "make it up again."

The jury assessed the damages at £150.

LAW FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Important Measure to Prevent Cruelty to Children.

To-day the new Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act comes into force, with promise of doing great good.

The Rev. Benjamin Waugh, of the S.P.C.K., told a *Mirror* representative, yesterday, that the new measure will have far-reaching effects.

"Under it persons, whose cruel neglect hastens a child's death, from any disease, may be indicted for that offence. Formerly, if the charge of manslaughter failed, as it generally did, for want of sufficient proof, nothing could be done further."

"An extremely important point is that for the future, under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, a charge can be made any time within a period of six months of the commission of the offence. The old period of three months was, of course, inadequate."

Again, the addition of the words 'or being exhibited,' to the Employment of Children clause, aims at cruel and avaricious showmen."

The penalties are increased in many directions, those for injuries running up to two years' penal servitude; while, where the accused was influenced by motives of gain, through insurance money, the term may be increased to five years.

DROWNED IN BEER.

Two Employees Struggle for Life in a Foaming Vat.

A horrible fate overtook a brewer in the employ of Messrs. Rowlandson and Son, of the Kirkby Stephen Brewery, yesterday.

Joseph Williamson and Joseph Coates, two of the staff, were skimming the yeast off a large vat of beer when Coates fell in, and Williamson went to his rescue.

Both men were in extreme peril, but their cries were heard, and a number of men quickly arrived on the spot. Williamson was first rescued. He showed slight signs of life, but under the care of Dr. Walker ultimately recovered.

Despite the most desperate efforts, Coates, however, could not be got out of the vat for several minutes. He was quite dead when brought to the side, having been choked by the thick yeast compound. He had been in the service of the company all his life. His brother hanged himself at Kirkby Stephen only a few weeks ago.

HIGHWAYMEN SECURE £200.

The Lincolnshire police were yesterday scouring the county for two men who knocked Mr. Ed. Carr, a Hull commercial traveller, off his bicycle on a lonely road near Haxly and robbed him of £200 in cash and a gold watch and chain.

Mr. Carr was found lying in the road with his hands tied behind him, his feet bound together, and with some paper pushed in his mouth.

SHIRTLESS MILLIONAIRE.

An amusing incident in connection with the departure from Liverpool landing-stage of a noted Chicago millionaire is related.

His luggage, somehow, had been deposited in the ship's hold, and when the millionaire wanted a change of linen his baggage could not be got at.

Finally he had to borrow a shirt and other articles from the steward.

Indignation has been caused in Brooklyn by a prize fight which took place in the basement of St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, with the consent of the priests.

Relief Expedition.

Mr. W. S. Champ, the leader of the Ziegler North Polar Relief expedition, has just returned to England from Tromso, where the expedition arrived on September 18, after nearly three months' vain endeavour to reach Franz Josef Land as a relief to the main expedition on board the America.

Recounting to Reuter's representative the story of their adventures amidst the ice, from which they were constantly forced to retreat, after having made hopeful progress, Mr. Champ said they spent a week, when within seventy miles of Cape Flora, trying unsuccessfully to force a passage through the floe ice.

"On July 31," he continued, for the first time for three weeks, the horizon was free from fog, and from the crow's nest we got a splendid view. Nothing but ice was to be seen—ice packed so closely that there was not a lead."

All of us are, of course, greatly disappointed in not being able to fulfil our mission. A very careful watch was kept night and day on the relief ship, but we found no traces of the expedition. The America is a very strong vessel, and as the explorers have plenty of provisions I have every reason to believe that they will be all right."

MOTOR-CAR POLITICS.

French Chauffeur a Centre of Interest in Thanet Election Campaign.

The Conservative split in Thanet was made still more apparent yesterday, when five prominent men of the party signed the nominations for Mr. King, the Liberal candidate.

Led by Major Powell Cotton, of Birchington, they included influential Unionists from the chief districts of the division. The motto of this party expressed in the manifesto issued yesterday is "Political purity before party politics."

"It is for Mr. Marks to refute charges made against him, not merely make counter-charges," said one of the dissentients.

Five hundred votes are said to be controlled by the "puritans."

The question of foreign motor-cars is one of the features of the election. Mr. King may possibly score a point here, for though his wheel is foreign, he says "But my engineer is English; your chauffeur is French."

Mr. Marks's green-liveried chauffeur is mystified at finding himself a centre of interest. "Why do they make such a fuss?" he asks pathetically. "There are 20,000 English working in Paris; why not one Frenchman in Ramsgate?"

FIRST-RATE "FIRST."

Abundance of Pheasants Promise Good Sport for the Guns.

To-day is the "Glorious First," and pheasants in Surrey, Bucks, and Herts, are as plentiful as blackberries.

"The old birds," said a head keeper to a *Mirror* representative, "are late in the moult, but strong and wild."

On the largest shoots in the Home Counties there is a marked improvement all round, for the "nides" have hatched out well.

Mr. J. B. Joel, the well-known racehorse owner, has added hundreds of acres of land to his shoot, and the prospects of good sport are excellent.

Lord Rothschild's preserves are well stocked, and the Tring neighbourhood reports are favourable. Hatfield preserves will, it is reported, not be shot over this season.

On inquiry of a firm of game dealers in Leadenhall Market, a *Mirror* representative was told that there would be very few pheasants in the market to-day.

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S VOTE.

At the Revising Barrister's Court at Harrow Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, was struck off the ownership list.

One hundred and twenty-eight persons were struck off through a technical error on the part of the overseers. The revising barrister reserved his decision as to whether he should fine the overseers.

£60,000 LOST IN A DAY.

At a meeting of the Stroud Guardians, yesterday, a respectable-looking old man applied for relief. It was stated that he had been very wealthy, and a bookmaker, and had lost £60,000 on the race-course in one day.

Three shillings a week, for a month, was allowed.

BOY CONDUCTOR FOR THE "KILTIES."

Max Darewski, the boy conductor and composer, will conduct to-day at the matinee and evening performance of the "Kilties," at the Albert Hall.

His new march, "The Kilties," will be played for the first time in the afternoon.

Two of Her Children Run to Death.

RESCUES HER BABY.

A fire tragedy of the most distressing description took place yesterday, at 23, Hilmer-road, West Kensington, where the lives of two children were sacrificed to the uncontrollable grief of a young mother, who fearlessly rushed into a burning bedroom and succeeded in rescuing her third child, an eight months' old baby, from the flames.

In vain she tried to re-enter the room to save the other two little ones, whose piercing screams she could hear becoming feebler and feebler, as fire and smoke hastened their deaths.

They were the children of a carybad employee, named Hyatt—Maude, aged four; and Freddie, aged two.

Their mother had left her young family in the back room on the second floor, while she ran out to get her husband's dinner. The elder children were in an armchair and the baby in a cot.

When Mrs. Hyatt returned, fifteen minutes later, with her market purchases, she was astonished to find the door shut, which she had left open. Then, to her dismay, upon opening the door, a volume of black smoke issued from the apartment.

"She groped about, battling with the flames," said her husband in his account of the sad calamity. "*Mirror* representative last night," and snatched up the cot with the baby.

"At the foot of the stairs the half-dazed mother felt fainting into the arms of a neighbour, who ran off with the child to the doctor."

The distracted mother rushed back and tried to enter the room again, "but," said Mr. Hyatt, "it was beyond human power for her to do more, and I believe my children were dead when she got back."

Mrs. Hyatt rushed into the street, calling out that her children were being burnt alive, and a man named Crooks and a companion found the dead children after the smoke and fire abated. Their bodies were terribly burnt.

There was a large guard in front of the fire, and no matches had been left within reach of the children.

THOUGHTFULNESS BRINGS DEATH.

Child Loses Her Life Under Pathetic Circumstances.

Left in charge of three younger children while her parents went to a music-hall, Eliza Ball, a ten-year-old Greenwich child, lighted a fire to make tea for her father and mother when they returned, as the night was cold.

Sitting down in front of the stove with a baby in her lap she fell asleep, awakening later to find her clothing on fire. Putting the baby down she ran into the street, where some neighbours extinguished the flames.

Her injuries, however, were so serious that she died soon afterwards. The coroner, at the inquest yesterday, said the case was another illustration of the danger of wearing flannellets.

SUICIDE OF A VICAR.

Directs His Wife to the Place of His Death.

A painful sensation has been caused in Cheltenham by the suicide of the Rev. Denwood Harrison, M.A., Vicar of Holy Apostles' Church, Charlton-King's, whose decapitated body was found on a level crossing three miles from his home.

The unhappy clergyman had apparently lain down deliberately to his death, as his body was found face downwards with the arms folded. His head was completely severed.

He left his wife at home at 6.30 on Thursday evening, and in reply to her question remarked that he would be back in an hour.

About nine o'clock she received a letter in his handwriting, which he had posted after leaving home, in which he said that his body would be found at Hatherton.

Shortly afterwards news came of the discovery of a body there, and Canon Roxby and other clergymen at once identified the remains of the vicar.

Deceased was an exhibitor of Queens' College, Cambridge, and came to Cheltenham from Brighton.

FORTUNE FOR A RAG-SORTER.

An elderly woman in Dover has just received notification of a fortune of several thousand pounds awaiting her. It has been left by her husband, who many years ago went to Australia. She is a Salvationist, and is employed as a rag-sorter at some paper mills.

She saw an advertisement from her son in Australia.

Sweethearts Part at Murder Inquest.

EMOTIONAL SCENE RECALLED

When Lee, convicted of the Babbacombe murder, passed into penal servitude, nominally for life, after his ghastly ordeal of three years on the scaffold, Katie Farmer, the girl who was his sweetheart, resolved to give up her life in waiting his release, which would, under ordinary circumstances, take place at the expiration of twenty years.

For many months she refused to listen to those who strove to move her from her purpose. It was only after time had mercifully abated to some degree her mental torture that she allowed herself to be persuaded that such a sacrifice as she contemplated was not the wisest course to take, either for the sake of her lover or herself.

Once the decision was made she tried to blot out the past by marrying another man. But the experiment was not a happy one, and after five years she sought the protection of one upon whose integrity and love she could rely. For the past eight years she has lived quietly in Plymouth, none suspecting that their neighbour with the consistently happy face was once the sweetheart of a condemned man, at whose trial she had to appear as a witness.

The news of her first lover's approaching release has painfully recalled to her the terrible experience of 1884. To a correspondent she spoke sadly of the last time she ever saw Lee.

Last Tragic Meeting.

"I remember it most vividly," she said. "It was at the inquest, close on twenty years ago. I recall he walked with me head in the air, although he was in such deadly peril.

"He recognised me and smiled, and said, 'Good-bye, dear.' Those were the last words I ever heard him say. He never sent a letter from prison to me, and never asked me to visit him in Portland. "I can speak about Lee now without pain or any emotion except sorrow that he has been unable up to now to prove his innocence if he really is speaking the truth.

"I cannot credit that one who was always so good-hearted and free and easy could have done such a deed."

Allowances should be made, she claims, for a letter in which she promised that she would never grow tired of waiting for Lee. "I was then a silly, sentimental girl, and did not know my own mind." The letter fully shows the intenseness of her feeling at the time.

"Never Tired of Waiting."

"My dearest love (he wrote on October 12, 1884), what can you possibly mean by telling me that you love me, and then writing to know if I wish to break off our engagement? . . . I tell you the engagement shall not be broken off by my consent. If it was your lot to crack stones in the street, and you will still take me to be your wife, I will not say no.

No, my love, I am prepared to battle with the world before you make me your wife, and shall never be tired of waiting for you, Jack. Have a little pity for me. Perhaps if I had loved you less you would have loved me more.

You have been my only friend, and you have been my chief support. I have depended on you for something more than a friend. Before concluding I would very much like to see you once more. It cannot be long. My love, Jack. . . .

"In the old, happy days, before that terrible tragedy blotted everything out," concluded the lady, with a sigh, after reading this letter, "it was different—we were young."

[Further particulars of the Babbacombe crime, of which Lee was found guilty, appear on page 10.]

RUINED BY MOTOR TRAFFIC.

Decline in trade owing to the increase of motor traffic was stated at the Bankruptcy Court yesterday to be one of the chief causes for the failure of Messrs. Wintners and Page, who lately carried on business as saddlers and harness-makers at Tower-hill.

10/6 IMMENSE REDUCTION -
TO
ADVERTISE OUR WATCHES
V. Samuel & Co.'s
CELEBRATED GUINEA
Silver Keyless WATCHES.

REDUCED TO **10/6** 3 YEARS' WRITTEN
GUARANTEE.

SPLendid TIMEKEEPERS.
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
A few doors from the
Mansion House.
None sent by post. Cash
orders must call for them.

10/6

Girl Makes a Burglar Disgorge His Booty.

Omitting to look under the bed as soon as she entered her room—as most young ladies are supposed to do—Miss Alice Jackson, of 51, Maidavale, was taken completely by surprise when she saw a man slowly creeping from beneath the valance.

However, Miss Jackson soon recovered her presence of mind, and pluckily rushed to the door to prevent the stranger's escape.

Then, finding his way barred, the intruder took a silver cigarette box and two silver trays from his pocket and handed them to her. She then made way for him to go, but immediately afterwards regretted what she had done, and raised an alarm.

The man succeeded in getting out of the house and reaching Sutherland-avenue, where he joined a man who was pushing a truck, evidently in the hope of cheating his pursuers.

But the man, by name Peter McLoughlin, forty-five, a labourer, is well known to the police, and he was arrested by a constable and taken to the station.

Yesterday, at Marylebone, McLoughlin, who had entered the house through the dining-room window, which had been left slightly open, was committed for trial.

HUMOURS OF DEBT.

Timid Clerk Wires a Judge That He "Couldn't Face the Ordeal."

Creditors, whose long faces told of sore grievances awaiting redress, and debtors, who found themselves in the distasteful position of being brought to book at last, were frequently forced to laugh in spite of themselves, during the proceedings at Brentford County Court, yesterday.

Their hilarity began when a debt-collector informed his Honour Judge Short, K.C., that a debtor could pay, but that he was a man of no principle.

The Judge: Well, has he any money?
Witness: Money? Yes, sir, plenty. He has twenty shillings a week and his tea every day.

The Judge announced to the court that a debtor, a clerk in the city, had been in court that morning, and had gone to the post office (situated immediately opposite the court), and addressed to him a telegram, reading: "Couldn't face the ordeal, will pay on Monday."

HARDSHIPS OF MARTYRDOM.

Passive Resistors Find Their Burden Presses Heavily.

Dr. Clifford protested to the Paddington magistrates yesterday against the heavy costs incurred by passive resistors.

One ratepayer, he said, who deducted 1s. 3d. from his education rate had to pay 11s. 3d. costs, and in another case a ratepayer had to pay 13s. to put 1s. 4d. into the council's coffers.

The Bench quoted the Lord Chief Justice's decision that where no tender was made the defaulter was liable for costs on the full amount claimed.

Dr. Clifford said it looked as though people were being punished for being passive resistors.

At Loughton, a farmer who has already served fourteen days as a passive resistor, has been sent to gaol for a month, and at Coventry and Godstone terms of committal have been doubled.

PUBLIC-HOUSE "CONCOCTION."

When Solomon Joel, landlord of the Fitzroy Arms, Camden Town, was summoned recently for permitting drunkenness on his premises he swore that the statements by the police were a concoction.

The magistrates, however, accepted the police evidence, and fined Joel £10 and costs.

At Marylebone yesterday he was charged with having committed perjury, and the hearing was adjourned.

MOTHER'S SAD DISCOVERY.

Seeing her fifteen-year-old daughter Daisy speaking to a gentleman in Earl's Court-road at night, Mrs. Ryall took her home and communicated with the police.

It was alleged at West London Police Court yesterday that Auguste Boasco, an Italian cook, whose service the girl recently entered, had persuaded her to lead an improper life, making her give him the money which she obtained.

DIED WHILE SINGING A HYMN.

While the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," was being sung at a mothers' meeting at Priory-road Mission Hall, Wandsworth, Emma Brown, aged seventy-three, was suddenly taken ill and died a few moments later.

Her death, it was shown at the inquest yesterday, was the result of sudden heart failure.

Beautiful Vision Tempts a Doctor to Death.

A terrible instance of a doctor's slavish addiction to the habit of taking chloroform was revealed at the inquest yesterday on Edward Lloyd Roberts, a well-known skin specialist, of Chester, who was found dead in a Liverpool temperance hotel with a handkerchief covering his nostrils.

Chloroform had caused his death, and Mr. Richard Mills, the victim's father-in-law, gave painful particulars of the complete mastery the insidious habit had obtained over Dr. Roberts.

His son-in-law, who was only thirty years old, on one occasion told Mr. Mills that he had beautiful dreams when under the influence of chloroform. Although he made great efforts to break off the habit, after a while he would give way again. He would have a bout, which lasted a few days at a time.

Dr. Roberts's father, relations, and friends did all they could to help him, and tried to persuade him to break off the habit, but he had got beyond the stage when it was possible. At times, when this bout came on, he would absent himself from home for a day or so. When it was over he would come back and say he was sorry.

His father, Dr. Roberts, who has been twice Mayor of Chester, did all he could to help, and the chemists in the town practically would not supply him with the drug. However, he would go to shops where there were new assistants or to other towns, such as Liverpool.

A week ago last Thursday he had a bout which lasted until Sunday. He was himself again, and went away from home. On Wednesday night he was found dead in a room he had taken at the Old Waverley Hotel, Liverpool. In his pockets were eight bottles labelled chloroform.

The jury returned a verdict of Death by Misadventure.

UNHAPPY HILL MARRIAGE.

Indian Civil Servant Prefers Bigamy to a "Life in Purgatory."

"I would sooner put up with this than live in purgatory," remarked Percy Lett McGary, aged thirty-six, of the Indian Civil Service, when first accused of bigamy by a detective.

At the South-Western Court yesterday McGary was charged with intermarrying with Gladys Ellen Cathcart, a widow lady, at St. John's Church, Bayswater, in August, 1902, his wife being then and now alive.

The first marriage was solemnised in Simla, when McGary was on the staff of the Army Headquarters, and it proved, so it was said, an unhappy one.

Mrs. Cathcart told the magistrate she married McGary after four months' acquaintance, and lived with him until his arrest at Balham-hill.

While he was being taken to the police station, McGary, who was yesterday remanded, said to the detective: "Don't let my legal wife go to the house and create a disturbance."

VISION OF MILLIONS.

Alluring Prospects of Fortune Vanish Into Thin Air.

Representing himself as a rich man, with residences in France, Jules de Evenoff is alleged to have persuaded Mr. Howard de Christiana to dispose of certain patents to him, saying "they might make them both millionaires some day."

At Bow-street yesterday, where M. de Evenoff was charged with obtaining credit without disclosing his former bankruptcy, Mr. de Christiana said De Evenoff treated him very kindly and gave him champagne.

For £15 he disposed of his interest in patents for photography in colours, a novel mirror, and a new motor-car brake, and De Evenoff agreed to pay £400 expenses which the witness had incurred in perfecting the patents. He found, however, that De Evenoff, whom he knew as a Russian Count, was entirely without funds.

A remand on £500 bail was granted.

DULL TRADESMEN.

During a case at Clerkenwell, in which the registration of county court judgments was referred to, Judge Edge said he thought traders, generally, were not nearly so sharp as they ought to be in their own interests.

Often in cases where tradespeople complained of being grossly swindled a reference to the register would have shown them that the man who had duped them had been before the court for years.

ENGLISH ALE TOO STRONG.

A young sailor, belonging to one of the American war-vessels anchored off Gravesend, confessed to the Bow-street magistrate, yesterday, that he found English ale far too strong for him. He had been drunk and disorderly in Duke-street, Charing Cross, and was discharged with a caution.

Plucky Chase by a Wounded Constable.

FUGITIVE SHOOTS HIMSELF.

There was an exciting chase after an armed burglar at Margate yesterday morning, and the affair may have a tragic termination.

The burglar first of all shot a constable, and a few minutes later, finding escape impossible, turned the weapon upon himself, inflicting a wound which, it is thought, will be fatal.

While on the look-out for a burglar who had been particularly busy for some weeks, and who had broken into a house the previous night, P.C. Burden met a suspicious-looking man on the Marine Parade, and asked him to accompany him to the police station.

Burglar Bolts.

The man allowed himself to be led quietly until the police station was nearly in sight, when he suddenly wrenched himself away from his custodian and bolted up Fort Hill.

Burden gave chase, and the man, finding that he was being quickly overhauled, turned round and fired at his pursuer. The shot struck the constable in the jaw, shattering it.

The man then resumed his flight, but the plucky constable kept him in sight. Holding his injured jaw in his hand Burden struggled on shouting, "Stop him, I'm shot."

A number of passers-by took up the chase, and the man was again hotly pressed. When the fugitive passed the shop of Mr. B. Parker, fishmonger, the latter rushed out with his assistant, Mr. Fox, and tried to stop him. The man again presented his revolver, but fortunately it missed fire.

At last the man showed signs of fatigue, and when his pursuers were just about to capture him he turned the revolver upon himself and fell to the ground, shot through the eye.

Constable Collapses.

Constable Burden by this time was thoroughly exhausted, and had to be helped to the station by two other officers.

But for a time nothing could be done for his assailant, and he lay on the ground bleeding from his wounds for fully twenty-five minutes. At length the ambulance arrived and he was removed to the hospital, where last night he was reported to be in a critical condition. It was found impossible to remove the bullet, and the man is not expected to recover.

A large quantity of jewellery was found on the burglar.

A second arrest was made later in the day of a man who is believed to be the would-be suicide's confederate.

POST-OFFICE COURTSHIP.

Countess's Acquaintance Leads to Marriage and a Bigamy Charge.

The story of a short courtship started at a post-office was told at Leeds yesterday.

Albert Bullock, thirty-five, colliery engineer, was charged with bigamy. Jessie Bramall told how at Loughton, near Rotherham, Bullock came to the post-office, and from this meeting a courtship ensued. They were married at a registry office in Leeds, and she lived with Bullock until he was arrested for deserting his wife and family. Up to that time she had no idea he was already married. He had always posed as a single man. Prisoner was committed for trial.

OBJECTOR'S TRAGIC PLEA.

Upon the question that three of his children had died after vaccination, John Bennett applied at the Mansion House yesterday for exemption for another child.

The exemption order was granted.

"I have known you for some years as one of the night-birds," said the Lambeth magistrate to Samuel Larkin, whom he sentenced to two months' hard labour.

CHILDREN
TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for all ailments.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

Mr. Arnold-Forster has left for Balmoral to act as Minister in attendance on the King.

Lord Avebury writes that he does not think a conference of the Conservative Party would heal their differences on the fiscal question.

Stepney Board of Guardians have decided to send the elder children at their schools at Stifford to the county evening continuation classes.

At a meeting of the Jersey States yesterday a Bill was introduced to provide for the upkeep of the Militia, the failure to do which has led to the withdrawal of the British garrison.

BARBERIES ON SALE.

Barberies—a fruit used for flavouring jellies—were on sale yesterday for the first time this season. The barberies were made into a preserve by the Saxons with a sweetening of honey, and figures as a "conserve" in ancient monastic records.

AN AGED PEER.

Viscount Cranbrook, better known in the House of Commons twenty-six years since as Mr. Gathorne Hardy, will attain his nineteenth year to-day, having been born on October 1, 1814.

He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple on May 1, 1840.

NEW TERM FOR OLD TRICK.

One week's imprisonment has been awarded William Goodwin and James McCormack at Leeds on the charge of "annoying females."

This comprehensive phrase has in their case been used to cover the old trick of dropping sham gold rings in front of women, and, after suddenly pretending to find them, offering them for sale.

GENTLE-MANNERED COW.

While being driven through the village of Cottenham, near Cambridge, a cow took advantage of an open door to enter a dwelling-house.

It was found in the sitting-room, and after walking once round the dining-table it quietly went out without doing any damage to the furniture or to the walls with its horns.

WORKHOUSE AS SANCTUARY.

Leicester Workhouse is being used as a sanctuary by the Alsatians of the district. Men give a wrong name, say the clerk to the guardians, and enter the workhouse simply to hide themselves.

A month's hard labour imposed on the Alsatians making a false statement to the relieving officer will, it is hoped, give pause to the practice.

BIRD IN THE HAND—

Before the case brought by Hester Green against her husband for maintenance was heard at the Cardiff Police Court the defendant made an offer of £s. a week.

This offer was unwisely refused, as the magistrates held there was no proof of cruelty and refused to make any order whatever.

"WEE FREES" CUTE OFFER.

When the "Wee Frees" meet to count their spoils in the United Presbyterian Assembly Hall at Edinburgh thirty ministers will sit in a building built to accommodate 3,000.

The victorious party refuse to share the occupation of this historic hall with its present possessors, but with rare business instinct offer to let it to them.

LIVE RAIL DANGER.

Electrocution was the swift fate of Mathew Nolan, aged thirty, of 8, Liver-street, Liverpool, who stepped on the live rail of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near Formby Station.

Animation was restored by Dr. Carter, who attended him, but he succumbed to shock within an hour. He had served through the South African War.

COOKING CAUSES SEPARATION.

Bad cooking has led to the separation of Fred and Rosa Aske, at Goole, after a short and stormy married life of eight weeks.

After vainly trying to put up with his wife's culinary efforts, the husband severely remarked "he would have no more of it," and went back to reside with his mother, whose stews are irreproachable.

The law has endorsed his action by a separable order, under which the wife has 5s. a week.

PRIVILEGE OF A RELATION.

In an assault case at Stoke, in which the parties were two women, the trouble arose through the plaintiff telling defendant she ought to put shoes and stockings on her poor little brothers instead of walking out in fine clothes with a young man.

"What right had you to say that?" indignantly asked the defendant's solicitor.

"Because I'm a cousin, by marriage, of her step-mum," was the unexpected but convincing reply.

LEEDS' LACK OF MODELS.

Leeds, the home of physical culture, has been accused by two Paris-trained lady modellers, at the school of art, of not providing sufficient live models.

Hearing that the ladies intended to write to the Board of Education, the school of art committee gave them notice to leave.

This has not been accepted, and the two discontented ladies have been locked out.

Harry Rhill, a ship's steward at ss. Orschis, from Antwerp, has been fined at the Thames Court £42 for smuggling.

While a woman was passing along the Edgware-road yesterday the parapet of a building fell on her and killed her.

At the first meeting of the Water Board it was decided that no reduction in the price of water can be made at present.

Mr. B. S. Strauss, L.C.C., Liberal candidate for Mile End, has been run over by a cab near Westminster Bridge, and his ankle was severely bruised.

Through struggling to resist being placed in a bath Eliza Charlotte Knight, aged ninety-six, has died at the Islington Workhouse from a broken arm.

MADNESS OF COLOURS.

At a forthcoming medical congress on the subject of lunacy a prominent mental specialist will give the results of his experiments in colour treatment as applied to asylum patients.

At the institution where the trials took place it was found that these colours for domestic decorations of red were eagerly welcomed by the patients, and had a soothing effect on the most obstinate inmates, glaring checks exercised a baneful, exciting influence.

Greens and yellows intensified their moroseness of disposition, and prove the unsuitability of certain tints of these colours for domestic decorations among families where there is any tendency to gloominess.

FAVOURING THE FOREIGNER.

Fair play for British ships in Britain was the basis of a proposal brought before the Associations of Chambers of Commerce at Manchester by Sir Alfred Jones.

He urged that Board of Trade regulations should be enforced against foreign ships, and they should no longer be treated in British ports on better terms than British ships.

Mr. Beckett Hill, of London, who seconded the resolution, asked why foreign steamers could enter Dover or Southampton without examination of their boats or life-saving appliances.

STOPS FIRES AT SEA.

From Cornwall comes a remarkably simple invention for effectively subduing fires in ships' holds at sea without opening the hatches or moving the cargo.

Small tanks are placed in the vessel containing powdered marble and covered with perforated tops. Pipes lead from the deck to these tanks, down which sulphuric acid is poured in the event of fire. This generates carbonic dioxide, which extinguishes fire at once, and has the further merit of killing rats or cockroaches.

DAREY AND JOAN.

Summoned at Keighley for being disorderly, Bridget Conley, seventy years of age, said it was all through a little "doff" with her husband.

"It isn't one in twenty years we have a word," she urged, and the magistrates, inclined to be lenient, fined her half-a-crown.

This was paid anonymously by someone in court—it was whispered the chairman of the Bench himself—and she smilingly left the court with her husband, invoking Irish blessings on everyone.

UNCONTROLLED TRAFFIC.

It is seldom that the sanctity of the law as represented by a policeman controlling street traffic is upheld by drivers.

Yesterday afternoon, however, P.C. 19C.R., stationed at the corner of Conduit-street and Bond-street, was knocked down and run over by a heavy dray, owned by Mr. J. Smith, of 91, Wandsworth-road.

He was seriously injured, and taken on an ambulance to St. George's Hospital.

FINED AND TAXED, TOO.

On being fined the full penalty of £5 and costs for street betting at Newton-le-Willows Police Court, Mathew Seton said the Income-tax authorities had regarded his business as perfectly legal, for they had seen his books and taxed him.

The police witness against him was a constable new to the district, who, dressed in tattered clothes and clogs, sat on the parapet of a bridge feigning to read a newspaper.

"BRODRICK" CAP DIFFICULTY.

As most people are aware, valentines, like Christmas cards, are prepared and printed months in advance.

At present the whole comic valentine trade is at a standstill through the uncertainty that prevails on the fate of the "Brodrick" cap.

Most designs include a soldier, and before they can be satirised effectively it is necessary to be certain what their headress will be on February 14 next.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

Edinburgh Liberals will please to remember the fifth of November, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will address them at the Empire Palace Theatre.

During his stay in the modern Athens Sir Henry will be entertained at the Scottish Liberal Club.

In a football match at Raynes Park yesterday a dyer was to be seen acting as referee.

In the Cock Pond, Clapham Common, the wife of a Brighton Hill newsagent has committed suicide in eighteen inches of water.

At the inquest on Mr. George Frederick Hill, a Cardiff solicitor, who was knocked down in the street, a cyclist was severely censured.

"Mushrooms are most dangerous article of food," said the Newington coroner at an inquest on Emma Rebecca Porter, thirty-four, who died from eating them.

EUPHEMISTIC DESCRIPTION.

Asked at an inquest at Leyton what her husband's occupation was, a witness replied: "He is an 'asker,' sir."

The Coroner: What is that?
Witness: He sings in the streets and then knocks at the doors for a few pence.

The Coroner: Oh, I see. A professional beggar.

WHISKY BY THE PINT.

Such a business was done in the bar of the Tay pleasure steamer *Thistle* on the Sunday a police detective was a passenger on duty that his paltry call for a nip of whisky was refused.

A pint for two shillings, which seemed the usual order, was, however, at once supplied, and has led to a fine of £5 at the Perth Justices' Court.

ASSAULT ON A DYING WIFE.

At Edinburgh Police Court has been told a sad story of a mason charged with assault on his dying wife.

It is alleged that James Cameron, forty-one, while in drink, dragged his wife out of bed and struck her with his fists in the face, by his violence hastening her end. He has been remanded.

FISHERMEN'S BIG SUBSCRIPTION.

It was stated at the meeting of the Royal Provident Fund for Sea Fishermen yesterday at Fishmongers' Hall, that during the year 1903 fishermen had themselves subscribed nearly £3,000, which had been expended in relief of widows and orphans.

An urgent appeal was made for funds to enable the society to extend its usefulness.

WIDOWS AND SPINSTERS OPPOSE.

In opposing a sewage scheme for a spa near Doncaster, a resident said: "They were all widows and spinsters and persons of limited means in the Asken district, and an increased rate would result in a general clearance."

The district council, however, favours the scheme, which will cost £4,000.

DOUBLES OF ADOLF BECK.

Adolf Beck was the hero of the hour at Covent Garden Ball last night.

He was depicted in many forms, amusingly, pathetically, and satirically, as an object lesson on criminal law procedure.

Judging from the first of these funny functions the present season bids fair to eclipse in popularity the former successes of Mr. Neil Forsyth.

THAMES-SIDE HERO FINDS WORK.

Thomas Osborne Baines, who made a heroic effort to rescue a man from drowning off the Thames Embankment, and was robbed of his watch and valuables, has been found work by the Church Army.

Employment as a porter in a Jermy-street hotel has been offered him, and he gives his first week's wages to the Church Army as an acknowledgement of their efforts on his behalf.

OLD SERVANT'S FAITHFULNESS.

A romantic story of the old retainer, faithful to her master in adversity, was told at Blackburn.

William James Lucas, once an opulent mill-owner, but now eking out a living as a tout for a Southport restaurant, was summoned for abandoning his children.

It appeared that since the fall in her master's fortunes an old family servant has been supporting the children out of her scanty savings.

COLLISIONS IN THE FOG.

Fog caused two serious collisions off Dover yesterday.

The Austrian steamer *Florida* ran into the *Baron de Macar*, an Antwerp steamer, both being badly damaged. The *Florida* proceeded to the Thames, and the *Baron de Macar* was taken into Dover.

The Liverpool steamer *Hortensius* also put into the bay and reported having been in collision with an unknown ship.

AVERSION TO POLICEMEN.

Brought before the Leeds magistrates to show cause why he should not be committed to prison, Mr. John Henry Telley, of 143, Belle Vue-road, a passive resister, said he had goods which could be distrained on.

He denied that he had refused to open the door, but admitted that his wife had. She had, he said, a great aversion to policemen.

In the end the Bench decided that the police must lay siege in due form to his residence, and when they had gained admission could levy distress.

Christian Science Response for 107 Deaths.

The death of Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., has again directed the attention of the British public to Christian Science and its spread in this country.

Dr. Albert Moll, the well-known Berlin physician, went over to America and made minute inquiries into the methods of these faith healers.

In a report upon his trip, Dr. Moll quotes the following passage from "Science and Health," which was written by Mrs. Eddy in 1875.

When a patient dies from a poison, death may be thus explained, although in such an event a few persons may have the belief that the stuff taken is harmless, yet the majority of mankind, though ignorant of this special case, believe that—e.g., arsenic, strychnine, etc., are poisons.

It follows that the final result is influenced by the outside majority, and not by the small minority in the sick room.

"In other words," comments Dr. Moll, "Mrs. Eddy is of the opinion that if someone dies of strychnine, in spite of his belief that he will recover, his death is due to the circumstances that the majority of people assume strychnine to be a deadly poison."

And yet a book which contains such absurdities is put by the Scientists on a par with the Bible."

Speaking on the subject yesterday to a *Mirror* representative, a London physician said, "All persons who practise the so called faith-healing should be criminally prosecuted."

"It is incredible that enlightened people should be gulled into the belief that a clerk can leave his position in an office and cure sick persons by laying on hands and praying. Yet numbers of men and women do this, and make a big income. The Christian Scientists have no use for the poor."

"Mrs. Eddy has made £60,000 out of the sale of her book, and 107 persons have lost their lives through faith-healing."

Their marble church, in Central Park, New York, cost £400,000."

"TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING."

Song Miss Camille Cliffford Will Sing in "The Catch of the Season."

London has fascinated Miss Camille Cliffford, and Miss Camille Cliffford has fascinated London.

The "Prince of Pilsen" company sail to-day on the *Etruria*, and Miss Cliffford is the only girl they've left behind them.

Theatrical managers have been wooing Miss Cliffford with tempting offers of large salaries, but Mr. Seymour Hicks has caught Camille for "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville.

To a *Mirror* representative, yesterday, Miss Cliffford said: "Mr. Hicks is a dear. He has written me a cute little part, and a song called 'Sylvia.' It is just too sweet for anything."

Next week Camille will take a holiday, during which she will visit a theatre every night, or perhaps two in a night.

Questions as to the inevitable rumour that she was about to be married, Miss Cliffford ridiculed the idea.

"Me get married! Why, no, I'm not quite crazy yet. For the next two years it is my intention to stay in London and study hard. Married, indeed! I've something more serious to think about."

MUSICAL THUNDER.

Brass Bands Imitate Clang of Battle at the Palace.

There will be thunder at the Crystal Palace to-day, when the great brass band festival is in progress.

With 500 instruments, the pick of 150 bands from all parts of England, a realistic composition, entitled "Days in a Soldier's Life," will be performed.

This is the most wonderful effort at producing a musical noise ever attempted, and the clash and clangour of the brass will be aided, in simulating the noises of the battlefield, by the thunderous roll of the largest drum ever used—a giant bass, twelve feet in diameter, specially built to give realism to the supposed boom of big guns.

The crowning piece of realism will be the bursting in mid-air of great maroons to imitate shells.

Previous to this attempt to reproduce the tumult of the battlefield, the instruments will illustrate the embarkation of soldiers, their sea voyage, a tempest, the landing, and preparation for battle.

From morning until night the Palace will resound with the blare of brass.

"Hardly a band of any importance in England will be absent," Mr. Iles, the director of the festival, told a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

Besses o' th' Barn, the famous band which the championship of England and the trophy last year, is expected to retain its place in the great championship contest to be the equally famous Black Dyke Band.

Last year, will make a good band.

POULTRY-KEEPING PAYS when Fowls are fed on
MOLASSINE MEAL.

Keeps Chickens on quickly and ready for market at less
 cost than any other food.
 Makes them lay early and late.
 It eradicates and prevents worms.

Sold by all Corn-dealers, or
 THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD., 36, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904.

FROWNS AND GOWNS.

THE emotional quality of clothing has hitherto not received the attention which it undoubtedly deserves, and the world therefore owes something of a debt to Mrs. Brown-Potter for endeavouring to bring the matter before its notice. We say endeavouring because we do not think that a play in which the actresses are, so to speak, cut out by their own frocks in the matter of emotional expression would be any greater success than a play in which their own frocks were cut out by the actresses, and a poor play is a bad medium for the propagation of great truths.

At the same time, when we are constantly hearing that it is the duty of woman to express her individuality, it will doubtless occur to many of the fair sex that there could be no more charming way of doing so than through the medium of Lucille gowns. The only drawback to the general adoption of the scheme is the proverbially fickle nature of woman.

The red costume which denotes anger may be appropriate enough at the moment when it is donned, but when, in the course of a few minutes, all unkindly feelings have evaporated, it is a little hard to be called upon to continue to wear what must act as a danger-signal to others, or else to do battle once more with innumerable hooks and eyes. It is all very well for the soldier in his scarlet tunic. The fiercer he looks the better he is pleased, and even the yellow of khaki is not inappropriate as expressing his jealousy of more favoured mortals who do not have to wear Brodick caps. But for a woman to have to advertise publicly the fact that she is of the same mind for an hour or more at a stretch would be disastrous. It would at one fell blow rob the sex of its greatest charm—the element of the unexpected.

It is to be feared that for this reason the new cult will fail to spread, and husbands and fathers, whose sordid minds are perpetually running on questions of expense, will doubtless rejoice that a movement which might have brought many a once prosperous home to bankruptcy and ruin has carried its own condemnation on the face of it.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

It has been truly said that Christian Science has been so-called because there is no Christianity about it, and less science. But while the vast majority of healthy-minded people are content to laugh at the follies of such quackery, and at those who indulge in it, we are reminded every now and then of the very serious harm that such a movement is capable of doing.

Here, for example, is the case of a distinguished artist who fell into the hands of the Eddyites, and was for years declined the medical treatment that would at any rate have alleviated his sufferings if it did not prolong his life. To most of us who have laughed at the spectacle of Mrs. Eddy flying shrieking to the dentist to have her aching tooth extracted there is something infinitely sad in the story of such a man, for there is nothing more pathetic than faith misplaced. There is something angrier in it, too, for although many of Mrs. Eddy's dupes may be sincere few people would venture to attribute that high quality to the leader of the sect.

The great difficulty is that grown men and women must be allowed to do as they please in such matters. The law cannot force a physician on such people or compel them to swallow medicine willy-nilly, and we can only hope for the utter failure of Christian Science in the practical cases will in time open the eyes of the credulous who have hitherto been the victims of quackery.



Colonel Marchand's heroics on the Fashoda incident seem to be rather late; but, unluckily for him, the world has not yet forgotten the parts really played by Lord Kitchener and himself.

HUMOUR FROM THE OTHER A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

King Alfonso of Spain.

Judge: Had you any provocation for assaulting this man?
 Prisoner: Oh, no, yer honour. He wudn't foight!
 "Puck," New York.

Godfrey: I am sorry to hear that Squalop is in a bad way financially. What is the cause of it?
 Scorgiel: A nearly as I can learn, he has been trying to maintain a motor position in society on a bicycle income.—"Chicago Tribune."

"I'm glad I learned to sew on buttons when I was a lecher," observed Peckem.
 "Why, Henry?" asked Mrs. Peckem.
 "Because I find the accomplishment so useful, now that I am married."—"Chicago News."

Stella: Her hands show the mark of toil.
 Bella: Seamstress?
 Stella: No, indeed; six engagement rings.—"New York Sun."

"They say she spends twice as much money as any other woman for complexion powder."
 "Of course she does. She is two-faced."—"Judge."

Eminent Surgeon: I operated on Mr. Bullion for appendicitis to-day.
 His Wife: Dear me! I wonder who will have it next?

Eminent Surgeon (absent-mindedly): I don't know. I haven't decided yet.—"Life," New York.

"Don't you think that the Smithbys are vulgar?"
 "No; they are not rich enough."—"Cleveland Leader."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A little pain, a little pleasure,
 A little heaping up of treasure;
 Then no more gazing upon the sun,
 All things must end that have begun.
 Speedily fades the morning glitter;
 Love grows irksome and wine grows bitter.
 Two are parted from what was begun.
 All things must end that have begun.
 —John Payne.

KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL, who is to visit the King, is hardly the sort of person one would associate with anything involving statesmanship or politics. He seems to people who do not know him well to be simply a pleasure-loving man of wealth. He can, however, and does, take a very active share in the government of his country. He is an enormous man, weighing well over sixteen stones, and innumerable stories are recorded of his great strength. Once while out driving on the outskirts of Lisbon he jumped out of his carriage, felled to the ground, and then collared single-handed a burly highwayman, who was endeavouring to knife and rob a wayfarer.

He is also a fine swimmer, and, like his mother, has rescued a man from drowning. Tennis is one of the games at which he excels, for he is wonderfully active in spite of his size, and he is also a keen yachtsman. With either rifle, revolver, or shot-gun he is reputed to be one of the best shots in Europe, and has often killed flying birds with a rifle bullet. He is an artist as well as a sportsman, and one of his pictures gained a silver medal in Paris.

As he continues to get stouter he has been ordered by his doctors not to eat much eat. He ignores their orders in the calmest manner. During a visit to England some years ago he stayed with Lord Salisbury, and King Edward was also a guest. Asked what had impressed him most during his short stay, King Carlos said, after due thought, "I think English roast beef is delightful." King Edward was very amused, and asked whether there was nothing to equal it. "Ah," was his reply, "of course, the English boiled beef also is delightful."

A FRIEND OF PRESIDENTS.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, the famous negro writer and educationist, has now added the Archbishop of Canterbury to his long list of friends. It is not long since there was quite a burst of indignation in the Southern States of America because President Roosevelt entertained Mr. Washington at the White House. Not that Mr. Roosevelt is the first American President to be numbered among the brilliant coloured man's friends, for Mr. McKinley, Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Harrison have all been on intimate terms with him.

Sir Herbert Chernside, who has just resigned the Governorship of Queensland after two-and-a-half years' service there, and after proving himself a most popular administrator, and a first-class Consul at Erzeroum. He was very popular there, too, and for a few days there were many curses poured out upon his head. In a moment of weakness he sent a couple of lovely Angora cats as a present to a lady in Constantinople. The lady was so pleased with them that she asked him to send some more. Sir Herbert gave his native body-servant some money and told him to send off the cats. Then came demands from numerous friends for cats, and further funds were handed out, and the cats duly sent.

This went on for several months, and the servant who was entrusted with the commissions thrived wonderfully. In fact, he grew so fat that the Consul became suspicious. His suspicions were confirmed a few days later, when, on leaving the Consulate, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of infuriated and veiled females, who called upon Mahommed to curse him for a cat-thief. No wonder the servant had grown fat, for the money had all gone into his pocket, while the cats were muzzled in a sack, in the name of Allah, and of the Consul. Sir Herbert did justice to the most approved Eastern fashion by handing over the wry native to the bereaved and infuriated cat owners.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

Sir Joseph Fayerer, who yesterday opened a hygiene exhibition, has lived one of the fullest lives which can fall to the lot of man. The son of a naval officer, he entered the Navy as an assistant surgeon, and was at the sieges of Palermo and Rome. Well over fifty years ago now he went to India under the East India Company, and, after serving in the Burmese war, was appointed Residency surgeon at Lucknow. There he witnessed all the troubles which led up to the Mutiny, and was through the terrible siege of Lucknow. His house was both a hospital and a fortress, and he was both soldier and surgeon. One by one, he ticked off on the wall of his house the names of those that fell.

After the trouble was over he did further work in India before returning home to settle down. But he was soon back again, accompanying the Duke of Edinburgh. This honour was followed by a greater one, for he was selected to accompany the King, then Prince of Wales, on his Indian tour. The selection was made by Queen Victoria, who personally told him to watch over the Prince's health and to "write frequently" to her direct. The post was as onerous as it was honourable, and the Queen never forgot the man on whom she had imposed so solemn a trust. He was with the King when he shot his first tiger, and personally showed him the gruesome tally of the dead on the wall of his house in Lucknow. When he retired from the presidency of the Medical Board at the India Office he took with him a baronetcy and the rank of surgeon-general.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Cuffnells, Hants, 3.30 p.m.—The great plane tree overhead fans a delicious breeze, its fluttering leaves crooning a soothing lullaby to the lazing drowsy from the life of cities who has travelled the intervening miles, between banks of blackberries and fields of harvesters, till the woods and glades of the New Forest were reached.

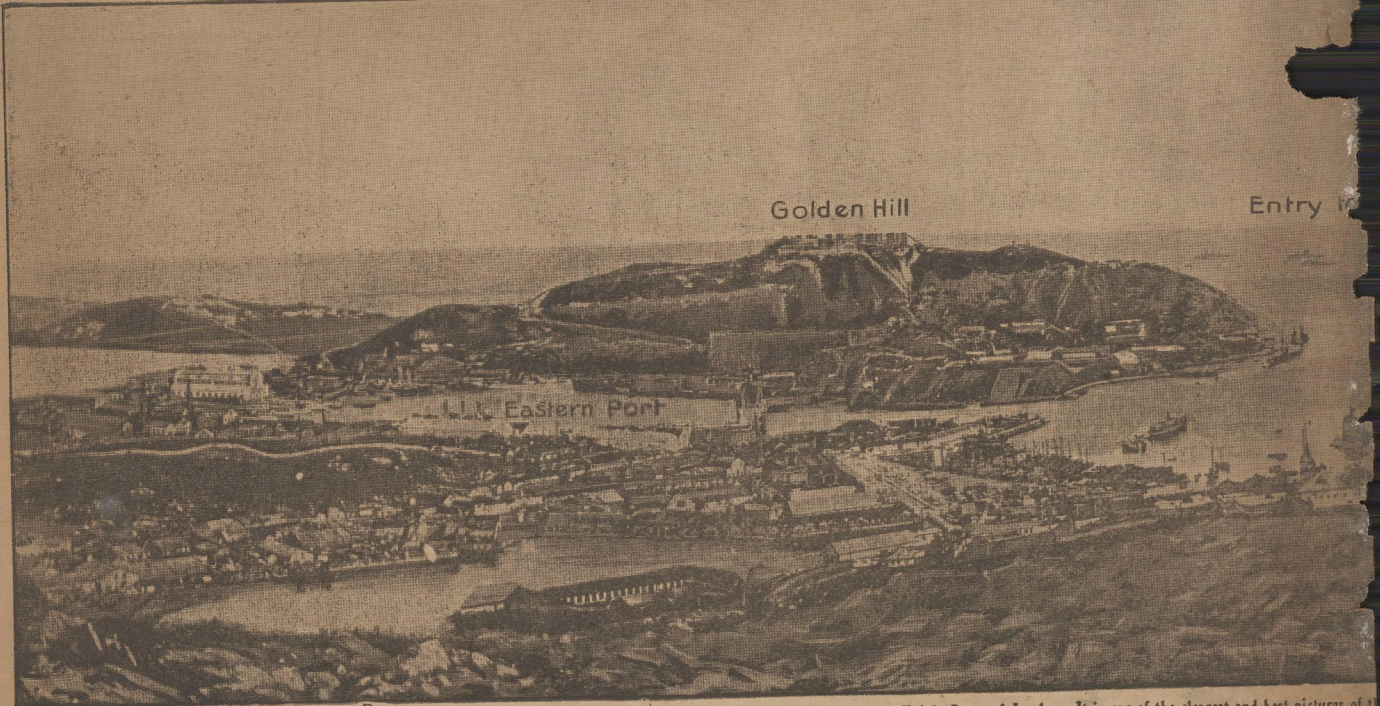
Just beyond the plane tree's shadow is the bulrush-fringed lake, with its wealth of Heaven-gazing water-lilies, and its white, waddling ducks, who stand sleepily on one leg on the bank.

And in the rear of the same dear plane tree is a rose garden—such a rose garden! The which right generously throws its fragrance over the shoulder of the lounging, who is too lazy even to turn a head to glance back at its beauty.



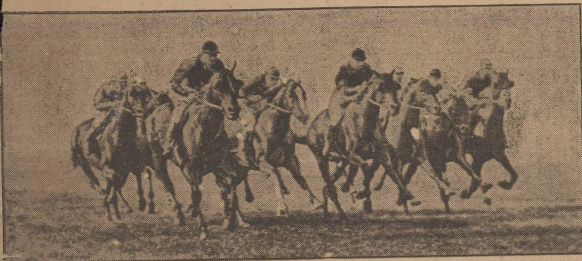
PANORAMIC VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR

THE BEST PLACE



This wonderful photograph of Port Arthur, which the "Daily Mirror" has secured, is the original of a clever picture postcard by Messrs. Knight Bros., of London. It is one of the clearest and best pictures of the place.

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES.



The race for the Jockey Club Stakes—the last of the season's "Ten Thousand Pounders"—which was won by Sir James Miller's famous Derby winner, Rock Sand.

"DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



ITHAMAR GOBEL-RAYNE, of Watford.



CHARLES VICTOR HOCKING, of Portishead, near Bristol.



LILY MAY DICKINSON, of Ham.

TO-DAY'S CHAMPION BAND CONTEST AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



The Bosses o' th' Barn Band, champions of last year, who are competing in the big band contest at the Crystal Palace to-day.



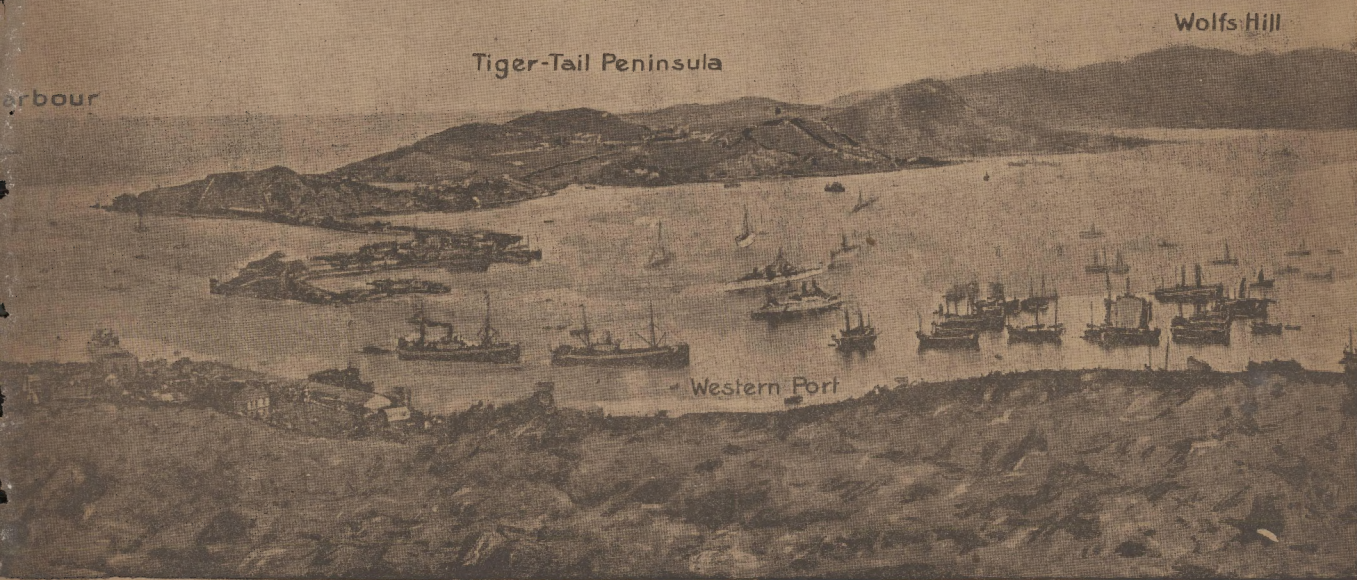
Mr. J. H. lies, who is organising the champion band contest to-day.



The Black Dike Band, who also compete for the prize, have won £11,500 in prizes.

DESPERATELY ATTACKED BY THE JAPANESE.

TURE YET PUBLISHED



town and harbours that have been taken since the commencement of the siege, and was secured by a Japanese artist, who in disguise climbed up one of the fortified hills surrounding Port Arthur.—See Page 4.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.



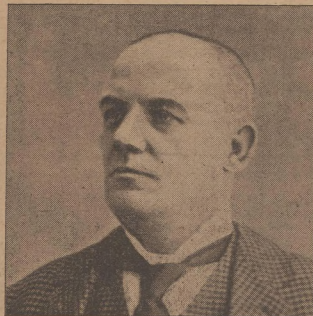
To-day sees the opening of the pheasant-shooting season. By daybreak the guns are out covering the woods and spinneys, where these richly plumed birds abound.

BEEHIVE IN A MORTUARY.



The X marked above indicates a beehive, which has recently been set up in St. George's (Stepney) Mortuary, Museum. The bees collect their nectar from the sugar boats in the docks.

M.P. AS GIPSY.



Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C., M.P., who has just concluded a caravan tour in Devonshire. When caravanning Mr. Eve is his own housekeeper, and does everything for himself.—(Denney.)

THE BABBACOMBE MURDER RECALLED.



Lee, the chief character in the famous Babbacombe murder trial, who three times escaped the gallows, and after twenty years of imprisonment is about to be released. This photograph shows the house at Babbacombe where the murder took place.—(See pages 5 and 10.)

Thrilling Story of How Fate Thrice Intervened to Prevent the Execution of John Lee, the Babbacombe Murderer.

Miss Keyse, an elderly maiden lady of good family, was found foully murdered in November, 1884.

Yesterday we described the crime of John Lee, who murdered his mistress, Miss Keyse, at Babbacombe, in Devonshire, and who is shortly to be liberated from Portland.

To-day we give an account of the astounding circumstances through which his sentence of death was commuted to one of penal servitude for life, which usually means for twenty years.

The murdered woman's household consisted of two maids, who had been with her many years, a girl, and her butler, John Lee.

On this man suspicion fell, and the case was fully proved against him. Miss Keyse's body had been soaked in paraffin, and in her throat were found to have been made by a blood-stained knife found in Lee's drawer.

Lee slept only a few feet from the murdered woman, and was the first upon the scene when the body was found.

It was shown, too, that he harboured malice against her. His trial lasted three days, before Mr. Justice Manisty, at the Exeter Assizes, in February, 1885.

Lee's chief defence was that the murder had been committed by the lover of one of the servants.

He was found guilty, and sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Manisty, who remarked upon his calm demeanour.

The prisoner's words on preparing to leave the dock were: "The reason, my lord, why I am so calm and collected is because I trust in my Lord, and He knows that I am innocent."

When the day of execution came, three attempts were made to hang Lee, but a defect in the working of the trap-doors of the scaffold prevented the sentence being carried out, and he was reprieved.

Sentenced to be hanged for one of the foulest crimes ever committed, John Lee, his pale face for an expression of supreme calm, passed on the steps out of the dock. As the thrilled spectators caught the last glimpse of him, he turned afterwards, his countenance wore a diabolic smile.

The verdict of the three days' trial at Exeter was applauded all over England. The case had been which had riveted the attention of all. Long reports had appeared in all the papers. Hours before the Judge had passed his sentence of death the great public had condemned John Lee.

It was with almost a fierce joy that the country looked forward to the just retribution to be executed upon the man who had so foully murdered his kind old, white-haired mistress in her peaceful cottage home in Babbacombe Bay.

In the condemned cell in Exeter Gaol the doomed murderer maintained the same inscrutable calm. Quietly he heard from the Governor's lips the date of his execution.

Charging Another Man.

In the eighteen days which were left to him he set philosophically about two tasks. The first was "to obtain justice." The second was "to console those dear to him." Such were his own words.

To visitors who were admitted he accused another of the crime for which he was to suffer. So persistent was his denunciation of this man that, after he had been seen by the rector of the village in which he had lived, John Lee was induced to put this charge into writing.

A petition had been started, in which the Home Secretary was asked to advise the Queen to exercise her prerogative of mercy. In spite of the efforts of Lee's friends signatures were obtained with difficulty.

The prisoner's callousness had revolted not only his Judge, but even his intimates, who shrank from attempting to stay the hand of justice. But both the petition and the prisoner's written statement were sent to the Home Secretary.

Ready To Die.

As the doomed man sat in his gloomy cell, watched by two vigilant warders, he felt himself cut off already from the living world. Turning his thoughts instinctively to the world to come, he listened gratefully to the ministrations of the chaplain of the gaol.

Thoroughly resigned to his fate, he expressed over and over again his readiness to die, and only two preoccupations disturbed his perfect calm. While his own fate scarcely concerned him his thoughts were always with his sorrow-laden parents and the girl whom he was to have made his wife.

He wrote letters to his parents and his sister. His letter to his parents, dated but two days after

the trial, expressed nothing but a tender care for their welfare.

It was a pity, he said, that they had stopped to hear the sentence delivered. He had heard his mother crying behind him in the court.

In his letter to his sister, while voicing his resignation, he challenged the truth of what the witnesses had said, and said they would be summoned one day to a higher tribunal. "Have you heard from K. F., or seen them—you know who I mean," was his reference to the girl he loved.

He wrote to her a letter full of love and sympathy for the trouble he had caused her through her love for him.

Last Farewell.

The broken-hearted parents of the condemned man could not resist his wish to see them. Both came; the father, a small dairyman, was the first to visit the gaol, and the mother came on Saturday, the 23rd day of February. As, stricken with emotion, she left her unhappy son, the executioner entered the gaol.

The appeal to the Home Secretary had failed, and even in the condemned cell could be heard the noise of spade and hammer. Executions at Exeter Gaol had been held in different parts of the prison for centuries during the preceding months.

A murderer who had met her doom some months before suffered in a room within the building. The arrangements for the coming execution were of a different order, and it was decided that the scaffold on which this woman had been hanged, with all its appendages, should be erected in a small coachhouse, in which the prison was usually stored—she stood separate from the main body of the gaol.

The preparation of this new place of execution took some time. The floor was removed, and a hole to the depth of ten feet was dug in the damp soil. Over this were erected the gallows, and level with the floor the two heavy trapdoors, which were to be opened by lever-ropes. The whole work was completed on Saturday, and Berry, of Bradford, the executioner, expressed approval.

He then made the final arrangements for Monday's tragedy. Deciding upon a drop of six feet, he fixed everything in position, and not once, but several times, assured himself that all was in working order, so that at the slightest touch of the lever the bolt moved and the trapdoors fell promptly into the pit.

Dream That Came True.

And now, on the quiet English Sabbath, all was ready. The convict spent the day in devotion. He retired to rest early, and, though watched over by his two attendants, he fell into a soft, refreshing slumber.

As he slept he dreamed. He had left his lonely cell and formed one of a melancholy procession which wended its way to a building outside the gaol. He was pained, and stood with the rope round his neck expecting death. But what strange trick he asked himself, even in his dream, was fate playing?

He stood there, with a rope round his neck, awaiting death, which would not come. He waited, waited, and waited. He was led backwards and forwards to the scaffold on which busy men were desperately working. Again he waited, and still death did not come. In an agony of suspense he shrieked—and woke.

It was the grudging dawn of a February day in the condemned cell of Exeter Gaol. The warders at the prisoner's cry had leant over him, and it was up into their eyes that he looked. In a few words he told them his strange dream.

Though hardened to work of the kind, the overwrought men could not help shuddering as they listened to the faint recital of what was to be so soon an awful fact.

Preparations for the Execution.

Soon came the simple breakfast. Then the chaplain, full of words of divine hope, gave the last ministrations to the resigned prisoner, and through the dismal prison rang the first notes of the passing bell.

A grating of keys in locks, a few footfalls in distant passages, and a mournful procession entered the cell. The Governor spoke a sad word of encouragement to the prisoner.

Lee, without any sign of emotion, submitted to the pinning of his hands, and the dread words of the Burial Service echoed round the prison walls, to the far-away accompaniment of the prison bell.

Outside the gaol a crowd had assembled in the gloom of the winter's morning. The North-road was crowded, and spectators were slowly taking their places on the banks of the Northern Hay opposite. As turned their eyes to the flagstaff which stood over the entrance.

The Procession of Death.

Near it, silhouetted in the murky air, a warder waited, fingering the folds of the black flag strung on its taut line, waiting, like some sentient thing, to flutter upwards and proclaim to the crowd the triumph of justice.

Inside the prison, the procession was passing slowly from the condemned cell through a hall out

of the death-chamber, the prisoner being two warders, deeply shrouded, his head bowed upright, and a faraway look in his dilated eyes.

As the last portion of the Burial Service, read with exquisite expression, came from the chaplain the eyes of all fell on the rope as it dangled from the crossbar in the little shed. All looked furtively at the prisoner; he, too, was gazing at it, but his calm expression had not changed a whit.

The condemned man, walking with military precision, reached the drop, and, placing himself under the crossbar, stood with his shoulders squared like a soldier on parade. The Burial Service was drawing to its close as Berry expeditiously pinioned his victim, who looked upward with a smile upon his face.

Just before the executioner had placed the white cap over his face, John Lee turned his head and apparently spoke to him.

It was but a murmured prayer.

The moment had come. The convict stood with his features shrouded out of human semblance. The words of the Burial Service drew to their close.

The Bolt Falls to Act.

A signal was given and the executioner touched the lever. There was the sound of the slipping back of a bolt. Nothing else. The executioner looked up hastily. Again he seized the lever, again the bolt rang; but there stood the prisoner like an upright marble effigy, stiff as with the starkness of death.

There was a moment of pained surprise among that startled knot of officials which surrounded the scaffold. A feeling of pity, perhaps, smote their hearts for the instant.

But then cried aloud the blood of one foully done to death, of one whom all had loved in her peaceful home on the cliff facing the solemn sea, and all remembered that her murderer stood on that rigid square waiting his just doom.

It was the work of these law-abiding men to see that justice had her behests obeyed. Half sick from fear, with a trembling hand, the executioner pulled again and again at the lever.

Warders' Frantic Efforts.

Then a staid warder, who stood on one side of the pinioned man, placed his foot upon the square. He brought his whole weight to bear upon it gradually.

His companion, a massively-framed man, following his example, Both together these giants put the bulk of their weight upon the two fast-closed doors, where the prisoner stood.

The bolt rang backwards and forwards in the executioner's feverish hands, but the floor remained solid, immovable; it might have been built the entire of cast iron.

There was a nervous consultation in dry whispers. The warders approached their prisoner, and detaching the rope from the cross-tree, led him forth with it hanging round his neck into the open air, where the light shone through the thin gauze of the white cap into his staring eyes.

Brought Back to Life.

He stood rigid for a few moments. He had lost count of his identity. His consciousness during the last five minutes had been separate from his shrouded body. He had regarded himself and the whole ghastly scene in a curiously semi-detached way.

It might, so far as he felt anything, have been a stranger they were trying to hang. The cold breeze blowing upon his brows brought him back to life. Round him rang the sound of blows; all was still for a moment; then came a word of command, followed by a smart sound of the fall of a heavy body. The drop was working at last, and the warders seized his arms.

Far away on the outskirts of the gaol stood a crowd filled with a just lust for blood. The clang of the prison bell had rung solemnly forth.

With straining eyes they watched the warder, who always handled his mass of black drapery with itching fingers. The drop was working at last, and the warders seized his arms. The fluttering of a white bird which hovered over the further-most part of the gaol.

And now again the tortured convict stood upon the divided square; again a word of command was whispered.

(To be continued.)

NEW USE FOR RADIIUM.

How It Prevented a Chinaman Settling in Australia.

Ah Yick, a Chinaman, was smuggled across the ocean by a cook of the steamer Eastern, and during the voyage had remained hidden in the cabin of the ship.

Coming ashore at Sydney he was run to earth by a Customs officer, who was armed with a passage of literature as a dictation test for the Chinaman's educational eligibility for residence in the Australian Commonwealth.

It ran as follows:—"Much interest has been excited by an article upon the revelations of radium, the sensational character of which is only partly concealed by the abstruse and technical terms with which the writer clothes his meaning. The discovery of this new form of the activity of matter is regarded as a most momentous one."

This was too much for John Chinaman, who resigned himself to justice, and was sent to prison for fourteen days.

Reflections of Our Readers on Current Topics.

SMOKE AND NOSE-RINGS.

This column is open to *Mirror* readers for the discussion of events and topics of the day.

The following letters are among those which arrived at the *Mirror* office yesterday.

THE HOUR-GLASS WAIST.

The reason that men prefer women with small waists is obvious.

In the first place, a small waist makes a woman look taller, and, in the second, enables her to show off a pretty frock better.

Then, too, the large waist is not a good omen for the future. The girl who is plump at twenty has a way of becoming stout at thirty and fat at forty, while at fifty—perhaps it is better not to suggest that any woman ever becomes so old.

Worthing.

W. S. GRANT.

WOMEN IN "SMOKERS."

The way women complain of men smoking in railway smoking carriages is absurd. If they do not like smoke they should travel in carriages where smoking is not allowed.

Women now have special carriages set apart for them, and there are also carriages where both men and women can travel. So surely it is time that men should be allowed to enjoy the smoking carriages to themselves. A MARRIED WOMAN.

Canterbury.

UNCIVILISED HABITS.

If the habit of carrying walking-sticks is a sign of lack of civility, a woman should be the last person to draw attention to it.

Nothing a man does shows want of civilisation so clearly as does the feminine habit of wearing car-rings. And as the habit of wearing earrings seems to be on the increase, we may expect the nosing to follow. It certainly only needs a well-known society woman to start the craze for every woman to follow it.

Perhaps we shall hear next that this imitative habit, which women share with the monkey tribe, is also a sign of civilisation. CIVILISED.

Brunswick-road, Shoreham.

UNREASONABLE RAILWAYS.

Now that the railways have become comparatively reasonable in their treatment of bicycles, they may be induced to inquire into the question of the folding mail-cart or chair.

Even when closed, and quite small, it has to pay special rates of the most erratic kind. Here are a few of the charges I have had to pay lately.

Between two stations in the suburbs the railway fare is 2d., but the folded mail-cart is charged 6d.

From Liverpool-street to Lowestoft the charge was 1s. 8d. going, and 8d. returning. Why different?

On two excursions from Lowestoft, when the fare was respectively 11d. and 3d., the chair was charged 6d. and 9d.

CLAS. W. THORNTON.

"Clovelly," Mill Hill

GARDENING.

CARNATIONS, finest mixed varieties, splendid double strain, 1s. 6d. dozen; 2s. for 3s. 6d.; carriage free—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

CARNATIONS, Marguerite variety, bloom all winter if potted now; splendid flat plants, 1s. 6d. doz.; 2s. for 3s. 6d.; free—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

PRIMULAS and CINERARIAS, very finest strain, large flowers, brilliant colors, 1s. 6d. doz.; 2s. for 3s. 6d.; carriage paid—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

ROSE TREES—6 very fine Tea-scented Roses, 3s. 9d.; 12 best hybrid perpetual kinds, small plants, 9s. 9d.; 6 splendid Standard Roses, 7s. 6d.; 6 Climbing Roses, in variety, 3s. 9d.; 6 Winchesterian Roses, 3s. 9d.; 6 Japanese Roses, 2s. 6d.; carefully packed; carriage paid—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

SHILLINGS Rose Trees, Fruit Trees, Kew-garden and flowering shrubs, Hardy and Greenhouse Plants, Hedge Plants, Climbers, Bulbs, etc., are good and cheap; packed safely to travel any distance; state requirements; estimate free; new catalogue gratis—Write O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

VIOLETS, splendid large clumps, specially grown for winter bloom; Admiral Arelas, Earl, California, Marie Louise, Mrs. Astor, and Princess of Wales, other sorts, 2s. 6d. dozen; 12s. 6d. per 100; carriage paid—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

12 BEAUTIFUL LARGE DECORATIVE PLANTS, for each room in the house, 1s. 6d. each, including 12 plants, 12s. 6d.; 24 plants, 24s. 6d.; carriage free—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

100 VERY FINE WALLFLOWER PLANTS, in 6 of the best kinds grown, for 2s. 9d. carriage free—O. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

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TALK TO THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

"We may evade the watchful gaze of the Living, but the invisible eyes of the Dead are upon us all, eternally."—*Montaigne.*

WHAT PREVIOUS CHAPTERS CONTAINED.

Robert Ferris and his cousin and Junior, Stephen Latham, are partners in an old firm of solicitors. Latham—who is a handsome, reckless, and rather dissipated young fellow—betrays the fact that he has, as usual, been betting heavily and losing.

Then Robert Ferris tells him that the firm is ruined and bankrupt, and mutual reproaches occur, for it becomes evident that the Robert Ferris himself has been plunging most desperately on the Stock Exchange. He confesses that he has misappropriated the great sum of £50,000, the property of Hilda Maxwell, a young girl, and an orphan, whose legal affairs have been in the hands of the firm. Latham, too late, is overwhelmed by shame and remorse, especially as Robert Ferris reveals to him that he, Ferris, and Hilda have secretly given their whole love to each other. The matter is complicated by the fact that a Hindoo, one Hushmut Bismar, who is the guardian of Hilda—appointed by her father, who has been an almost fanatical Orientalist—is almost immediately expected to call and demand an account of the firm's stewardship.

Then Latham makes the startling proposition that if Ferris will at once find the sum of £3,000 he, Latham, will abscond and will affect to commit suicide. It is hoped by this means that all the blame may be taken off the shoulders of Ferris whilst it is shifted wholly upon the absconder, Latham. The plan is carried out, and we then find Ferris at Latham's private rooms destroying his partner's papers and so on. He finds on the bed a revolver bearing Latham's initials, as though Latham had contemplated suicide. Just then the bell of the outer door rings, and Ferris hastily pockets the revolver.

The newcomer is Hushmut Bismar, the Hindoo, who forces himself in and persists in mistaking Ferris for Latham. After mutual recriminations Ferris strikes the Hindoo, and the two begin a life and death struggle, during which the Hindoo produces a murderous knife. Almost in self-defence Ferris uses the revolver, and Hushmut Bismar falls dead. Ferris at once makes a rush to the residence of Hilda Maxwell, thinking that by doing so he can always prove an alibi, and he catches her, as the murder took place at Latham's rooms, the latter will be blamed, especially as the revolver has been left by the dead body.

After an interview with Hilda, Ferris is at his own chambers, and here he is unexpectedly joined by Mrs. Raycroft, a beautiful adventuress. She forces the secret of the murder from him, and then he catches her, as the murder took place at Latham's rooms, the latter will be blamed, especially as the revolver has been left by the dead body.

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Latham takes the boat that crosses to France. The night is a stormy one, and, as Latham is contemplating a moody-looking stranger, this man makes a sudden leap overboard. To save him is impossible; but, during the confusion caused by his terrible act, Latham resolves that he will claim the dead man's luggage and let the authorities believe that the man who has cast himself into the raging waters is himself, Latham. This change of identities is effected, and Latham goes on to Paris. Buying a newspaper, he is horrified to read an account of the murder at his own chambers, and to learn that he himself is branded as the murderer!

Latham, frightened and horrified, fancies that almost every passer-by recognises in him Stephen Latham—and a murderer. He seeks a somewhat humble hotel. In the quiet of his attic he begins to examine the portmanteau of the man who threw himself overboard from the Channel boat, and which he, Latham, had claimed instead of his own luggage.

Then he finds, contained in a roll of green silk, a shriveled human finger, upon which is a plain gold wedding-ring. Besides this there is a large envelope, and in this a neatly-written document, couched in such terms as only an Oriental could employ, and plainly conveying some threat or warning to the person to whom it may have been addressed. Latham's consternation and horror are increased when he finds that this very envelope associated with these gruesome things has plainly marked upon the gummed flap the name of his own late friend—Mrs. Raycroft, and Latham, Bedford-row, W.C. Latham determines to go back to London to seek his late partner, and to have a full explanation as to the reported murder.

When Mrs. Raycroft has received the sum of money which she named to Ferris as the first instalment of the means to extort from him, she yet continues to bring forth the relations which have existed between herself and Ferris. Then she writes

to Ferris, telling him that she has done this, and when he, in agony, seeks out Hilda, he finds that she has in a hurry left her home, giving no new address. He is staggering under this blow when he sees a newspaper placard bearing these words:—"Suicide of the Craven-street murderer. Body lost in the Channel."

Hilda calls upon Mrs. Raycroft, and this woman taunts her with Ferris's falsity, displaying a great heap of jewels bought for herself—Mrs. Raycroft—with Hilda's money, the trust-money diverted by Ferris. Myra Raycroft tells the full story of Ferris's infamy, and more than hints that he is the murderer of Hushmut Bismar. The interview of the two women is interrupted by the announcement of a visitor—Mr. Robert Ferris.

CHAPTER XI. Cast Into the Oven.

The two women looked at each other. Hilda was conscious of a sick disgust. The situation was abominable; every instinct of her self-respect revolted against it. If, at any moment during the interview, the balance had wavered in favour of Robert Ferris, it is pretty certain that at this juncture is swayed most decisively against him. Hilda was too much a woman to ever forget or forgive that he had made such a situation as this possible.

She made a movement towards Myra.
"Please help me out of this. I cannot see him—can you let me out quietly without his knowledge?" She spoke in a low, rapid voice, with a quick side-glance towards the demure messenger of Fate, standing expectant in the doorway.

"Impossible, impossible," said Myra, in a hissing whisper. "To go out now would be fatal." She put a question to the servant:—"Yes, the dining-room door is open, he would be bound to see you."

As she spoke her brain was revolving rapidly what possible capital could be made out of what on the face of it seemed an unfortunate contretemps.

"You must wait," she said to Hilda. "See, in here—till he is gone. Oh, my dear, this is the last house in London where he is likely to look for you." She drew aside some of the peach-coloured, silken hangings, and disclosed a door. Hilda followed, carried away by a certain magnetism of voice and look which the woman undoubtedly possessed.

It was a tiny, white-pannelled room, used apparently as an emergency bedroom. A door in the corner, Myra said, gave access to her bedroom.

"He will not stay long. Don't be afraid, he will be only too anxious to go."

With a warning finger to her lips, she turned into the next room. But the door she drew behind her did not entirely close. The girl knew that when she heard the tones of Ferris's voice raised in angry expostulation, and realised with an uneasy fear that Myra was receiving him in the next room.

"Since when have you taken to keeping your visitors waiting in ante-rooms, like a confounded princess?" Ferris demanded, even before the maid left the room.

Myra laughed, not altogether pleasantly.
"Manners, my good Robert," she said, as one might speak to a dog. "If you forget them, you may find yourself denied even the ante-room."

He came up to her as the maid shut the door.
"Curse you!" he said fiercely. "Curse you, Myra Raycroft!"

She shrank back. He had never sworn at her before, not even in the blackest of those black days, when they had starved together in London.

"What did you expect?" she asked, controlling her voice with an effort. "Congratulations? A case of plated fish knives and forks, with my blessing? My good Robert, you are unreasonable. I sent your wife the most wholesome wedding present I could afford."

"You broke your word," Ferris's voice was hoarse and thick with passion, his lean, brown face was drawn. He looked horrible, a man to be afraid of. "It was treachery," he cried. "The basest and foulest of treachery."

"Oh, you are mistaken entirely," she assured him, "the promise I gave touched on no matter only, and so far your secret remains inviolate. Don't tell me the dear girl has been so inconsiderate as to be jealous of the past. I did not think it of her, somehow. She struck me as one of those dear women who would kiss again with tears, liberal as to the tears."

"I did not come here to split hairs," he said.
"You promised to respect my secret; heaven knows I paid you well enough to do it. And now you have alienated my wife from me. You profess to love me, and you have deliberately set yourself to ruin me."

"Because you were ruining yourself. Because I loved you, and wished to save what was best in you," she said softly.

"Love!" he cried, with an ugly travesty of a laugh. "Love!"

"Love has many strange manifestations," she murmured. "It wounds sometimes only to heal."

"Cursed strange manifestations. Personally, after this one, give me rank hatred. What did you say to her? Didn't you know that she was only a child, and wouldn't understand? She doesn't know what men are, she imagines us a second class of angels."

Myra shook her head. "She's not a child, she's a woman, and if she didn't know life it was not that she was not capable of knowing it, but that she would not."

"Oh, you talk too much," he said rudely.
"What did you say to her?"

She edged a little nearer him. "What I say now," she cried passionately, "that you were mine, mine before God, by every right which binds a man to a woman, by every tie with which they can be bound together. Ah, Robert, it was true, wasn't it?" She held out her hands to him with a pleading gesture, her head thrown back, her whole face transfigured. "Have you forgotten those old days? I can't believe it; it's not in man to forget."

He turned away with a curse. "I am sick of you and your protestations," he muttered. "Hilda has left me."

"Left you?" The surprise in Myra's voice was genuine enough. Hilda had not told her this.

"Left me, yes. And if it's any satisfaction to you, it means my complete undoing." He sat down heavily by the table, and leaned his head on his hands. "Hilda gone, Stephen dead. Spit out all the venom you like now, it can't harm me."

The woman flung herself on her knees beside him. "Why do you speak like that?" she said.
"Can't you catch it up with the girl? What is there to fear? The Indian is dead."

"She'll never patch it up," he said hoarsely.
"She's gone away. She left an enigmatic note for Mrs. Faithful, the woman she lived with. I opened it. Of course it's only a freak, she'll come back, right enough, and then there will be inquiries and"—he smiled grimly—"revelations."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried; "I am sorry. Do you love her, or do you not? Oh, in any case, why were you foolish enough to marry her before you were safely out of the wood? If you had only been frank with me everything that I had in the world, everything, was yours. Surely you knew it. Robert, when a woman has given a man so much, does she withhold her purse?"

"Oh, I daresay I've been a fool. I was bent on getting rich too quickly. It wasn't altogether that," he said, with perfectly unconscious brutality.

"The girl fascinated me, I don't deny it. She was so different from any woman I had ever met, so extraordinarily innocent, or ignorant, if you like the word, and as transparent as glass; one seemed to see the pretty little thoughts of her as soon as they entered her head. She sang, too," he added inconsequently; "there's something dangerously fascinating about a woman who sings to you in the twilight. The cheap sentiment of the songs seems to get into your head like the fumes of cheap wine. You've entangled yourself before you know where you are."

Myra at this felt emboldened to caress the hand which hung near her, with soft, supple fingers.
"I see it all so plainly," she said soothingly. "And poor, dear Steve was a bit of a drag on you."

"Oh, no, no," he said hastily. A sort of superstitious fear of lying about the dead rose up in his mind. He had a vague picture of Stephen at that moment testifying against him before the Great White Throne. "Steve was a nice lad—a decent sort. What he had was his own. Yes, I wish I'd been a better cousin to Steve. Above all—" He broke off suddenly. "Myra, do you believe he's dead? The accounts are frightfully circum-

stantial. They say the body was lost in the Channel."

"It may be a mistake. They often make mistakes," she murmured.

He shook his head. "I don't know. He seemed bent on killing himself. He was hard hit, you know, and he loved the girl. I found that out too late. Things might have turned out differently if I had thought the wind blew in that quarter, and yet—" He pulled himself up suddenly.

"And yet?" she repeated softly.

He put his hand on her head and looked at her face. "And yet, with all my warnings, I sit here playing the Samson to your Delilah, my beautiful Myra. You would win my last confidence from me and then betray me." He sighed heavily. "I suppose I didn't treat you too well, but your revenge has been heavy—too heavy."

"Not revenge," she cried wildly. "Not revenge, Robert. Poor, blind love, striving to keep you from slipping from me. Robert, it isn't too late yet. Leave all this, and come away with me. What does the girl matter? She doesn't love you. If she had loved you, would she have cared for ten hundred such poor creatures as myself, and all their pitiful, sordid histories? A woman who loves doesn't care. What is the past to her? It is the present, the glorious present, that she cares for, and the future. Ah, sometimes not even the future; for she is afraid of that."

He bent down his head and kissed her on the lips. "You're a fine woman, Myra," he said. "I am sorry. Why the deuce didn't you marry me that time in London, when I asked you?"

She clung round him. "Marriage," she whispered. "I didn't think of it. It didn't mean anything to me then. I knew that no civil or religious bond could ever bind me to you, nothing but the impulse of my own heart, and if that impulse withered I didn't wish you to be chained to a body of death."

He stood up and shrugged his shoulders. "Very fine, no doubt, my dear," he said, "for an ideal state of things, but not for this twentieth century in England. Remember that one of the salient differences of heaven to earth is that there is no marrying or giving in marriage in the former." She drew away quickly. She felt he mocked her.

"I wonder what's happened to that girl, and where she's gone, and when she'll come back," said Ferris, running his fingers absently through the trinkets heaped upon the table.

"If your wife deserts you and refuses to see you, are you going to sit discontentedly upon her doorstep like a beaten dog?" asked Myra tartly.

"I don't fancy there'll be much chance of my sitting on any doorstep," he said, with a grim smile. "Miss Hilda, rooted of her ideal husband and money at one blow, seems to me hardly a person likely to be placable."

"And if she is not?" said Myra, "remember that there is always one hearty ready to welcome you." She put out her hand to him with a beautiful and gracious gesture, and the man, touched in spite of his brutal egotism, bent and kissed it. "As you told me last night, 'I am one of the worst sort of scoundrels,' he said, 'but pray whatever gods there be, that I never fall so low as to come to sponge upon you, Myra.'"

"It would not be sponging," she said softly. And then she remembered Hilda and, feeling victorious, had in her eyes, no sorry for her. "His eyes met hers. His touch had ruffled her hair, and little curling tendrils stood out round her softly flushed face; the light caught them and turned them to flame, and to the man came the whimsical thought that they were like the living snakes which wreathed the head of Medusa, the terrible woman of beauty and death. He turned away."

"I came to curse, and I have remained behind and let you twine me round your little finger, as you have always done, yet the curse is there, Myra, in the back of my heart. It's been said, and I can't unsay it. I don't know that I trust you, or that I can ever forgive you for the trick you have played upon me."

He opened the door abruptly and walked out into the little hall. She followed him.

"Am I to see you again? Are you going to leave me with those cruel words on your lips?" she asked in a low voice.

He stood irresolutely for a moment. "I don't know," he said. "You'll see me next, most probably, in the dock, prosecuted by my wife." She gave a scornful little laugh, yet she felt a vague uneasiness. She had sowed terrible seed, what would the harvest be? Suddenly she surmised the will of iron beneath the fragile envelope of Hilda Maxwell's body; love turned to hate was a terrible thing. She put out her hand, with a gesture of distress. "Robert, I'm sorry. Can't you make it up with her?"

"I don't know. . . . A man can but try. . . . But she's gone—you see what a mess you've made of it. . . . And poor Stephen."

He jerked out the disconnected words, like a man in a trance, and left her.

She hesitated for a moment, then plucking up her courage went back to the room where she had left Hilda. It was empty, the girl had gone.

Complications, as startling as they are engrossing, will hold the fascinated reader spellbound in the instalment of this thrilling story which appears on Monday.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER FOR CHILDREN AND INFANTS.

OUR BOYS AND BABIES.

AUTUMN SUITS TO REPLACE SUMMER ONES.

Little boys may not be promoted from baby frocks to mannish-looking suits, in spite of their protests. The intermediate stage used to be kilts, but now it is the Russian peasant blouse, cut with a long skirt that entirely hides the knee breeches.

Later on, as the little man grows taller, the blouse skirt grows shorter until the knickerbockers appear, and the blouse which threatened to look like a dress is glorified into a dignified masculine garment of coat-like proportions. All sorts of durable material are used for these coat suits—corduroy, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh homespun tweed, chevot, serge, and flannel. Corduroy is found to wear better than velvet, and is now also particularly smart.

Smart Oak-Brown Corduroy.

A smart little suit of oak-brown corduroy has a Russian blouse with short knickerbockers showing about four inches below the coat, which fastens at the right side and has one wide box-pleat. One of navy serge deviates from the pattern aforementioned, is a much more satisfactorily fashioned garment, and has a suggestion of a Norfolk coat, a pattern always graciously tolerated by little boys, if not actually admired.

Baby's Bath Gown.

Such pretty items in flannels for babies, and small children are now being made, that every woman who sees them longs to be at least an aunt to somebody's infant in order to buy or make the like garments. The beautiful hand embroidery that they bear, and the charming, odd little shapes in which the saccos, kimonos, and robes are cut make them irresistible.

One of the newest garments is the hood bathrobe. It is made of lambswool, long enough to cover the body entirely, and its chief point of excellence is the hood. This covers and dries the wet little head as soon as the baby comes out of the bath, and so no draughts have a chance of giving the child cold while he is borne from the bathroom to the nursery fireside. The edges of the robe and hood are bound with washing ribbon—preferably in pink or blue. This ribbon can also fasten it at the throat.

Kimonos for Wee Children.

For babies about a year old there is the very prettiest little sacque to be obtained. It is a seamless garment with the regulation sleeve and little turnover cuff button-holed round, as are all the other edges of the wrap. There is smocking at the throat, and over it appears a floppy, narrow ruffle, also button-holed. Two bows of ribbon the colour of the embroidery, one at the top and one at the lower row of smocking, fasten the garment.

Another pretty sacque is cut in a perfect circle, and the sleeves are merely little kimono ones, just slits in the circle. This little wrap is bound with washing ribbon, and is comfortably collarless, although it has some little tabs that fall from the neckband over the sacque, and may by courtesy be called its collar. They, too, are bound with ribbon

and are finished with tiny pearl buttons. Hood shawls are a kind of wrap that is specially useful when a baby has to be carried through cold passages. They are dainty little things of white silk, lined to match the embroidery that adorns them. A tiny ruffle of lace finishes the cap about the baby's face, and there are either one or two bows at the top.

BLACK VELVET JEWELLERY.

One by one we are exploiting the pretty fashions of a bygone day, and that of the narrow velvet neckband is among them. In Paris it is quite the rage, and is worn either above or without the high semi-transparent lace collar. Sometimes it is matched by a wristlet of velvet threaded through a jewelled slide, which shows up very well on the long white or pale straw-coloured gloves that are worn with elbow sleeves.

SWANS HOLD BON-BONS.

Dainty bon-bon holders for the dinner table are made in the form of swans of crepe paper. For white and gold dinners the paper is white, the swan's bill gold, and the bon-bons piled in the hollow of the bird's back are covered with gold foil.

USEFUL CATALOGUES.

KEEP THIS LITERATURE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

So artistic and useful are the booklets and other advertisement literature that so many shops and tradesmen send to their patrons nowadays, and publish in the papers, that some women like to preserve them for reference, and are wise to do so, for they are excellent shopping guides. For such purpose covers of linen, lined with stiff cardboard, are used, and joined by hinges of ribbon. On the top cover is embroidered the inscription: "Advertisement catalogues." Ribbons are attached to the front corners of the covers so that the pamphlets and circulars may be tied in securely.

JUST A FEW HINTS.

The best medium with which to whiten red hands is lemon juice. Rub a little into the cuticle every time the hands are washed.

When making pickle, always use a wooden spoon for stirring it, and boil the vinegar in an

nations higher in the scale of civilisation. Only it is necessary to choose leaves and petals that are non-poisonous.

A housewife can manage very well without scales if she will follow this simple plan. One ordinary teacupful of flour is four ounces, so that four teacupfuls make one pound. Sugar is heavier, so do not take a full cup of it to make four ounces. Shredded suet is so light that a teacupful only weighs two ounces. With a very little experience ingredients can be measured quite accurately this way.

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Bacon and "Force" for breakfast.
Lightly toast the

Force
and serve it hot and crisp with the bacon.



Nothing excels in comfort and favour the red reefer coat and cap to match for little boys just excited to knickerbocker suits. But in the picture above something more novel will be observed—namely, a blouse, with a full plastron front, buttoned down the shoulders, where it is trimmed with braid. The third child wears a double-breasted Russian blouse, with a lace collar and a knotted silk scarf beneath.

For a pink dinner the same notion is materialised in pink crepe paper, and the bon-bons are wrapped in tissue paper to match, finished with a twist that gives the effect of a rose in full bloom.

"ALL-RED" TOMATOES.

ENGLAND MAY BE INDEPENDENT OF THE FOREIGNER.

Although tomatoes are cheap and plentiful, there is no glut this year.

The English fruit, which has received the special attention of cultivators during the last few years, is of good quality, and there has been a fair crop.

Average wholesale prices range from 1½d. to 2½d. a pound, which bring a retail price of from 3d. to 6d.

A large amount of imported fruit, totalling over 1,000,000 cwt., has been received during the season from France and Spain.

These tomatoes, which have neither the ruddy colour nor the fine flavour of the English fruit, have been selling as low as 2s. a crate of 24lb.

It is confidently hoped that within a few years English growers will produce a sufficient crop to dispense with the importation of foreign tomatoes.

enamelled saucepan. The best vinegar is the cheapest in the end and should always be used.

Add a saltspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of moist sugar, when mixing mustard, and use boiling water. The mustard will then be found to keep moist much longer than usual, and to have a better taste.

Among the various ways in which tea can be brewed an authority recommends the following: Moisten and let it stand for twenty minutes. Then pour on the tea a scant pint of boiling water, and in one minute it is ready to drink.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking, wrap each chimney loosely, but entirely, in a cloth; place them together in a saucepan, and cover them with cold water. Bring the water to a boil, continue the heat for ten or fifteen minutes, and then cool it off. By this tempering the chimneys are toughened against all ordinary lamp heat.

When we think of parsley and so forth being used for flavouring dishes, it does not seem either strange or inappropriate that the foliage of flowers should prove desirable in savoury dishes. The use of flowers in flavouring foods and confectionery is quite universal in China. It is said that the dishes thus flavoured by the Chinese with rose leaves, the petals of chrysanthemums, carnations, and so forth, with bits of foliage chopped and added, are deliciously epicurean, and worthy of the menus of

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